HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXIX.—No. 1500.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1885.

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$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACES—THE "PURITAN" FOULING THE "GENESTA."—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 615.]

FRAUD.

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By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

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Among other attractions of an unusually attractive number are two excellent engravings, "An Old Sea Dog," drawn by Harry Beard, *and "Telling Her Fortune," by* P. Newell.

An article on "Base-Ball and its Players," in which the most prominent two players in the New York League nine give some of their experiences, will be of great interest to the boys, while Mr. Howard Pyle's *fairy tale, illustrated by the author, will delight all readers.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, September 19, 1885.

HOW WILL MUGWUMPS VOTE?

When an election is at hand, voters are very interesting persons to professional politicians. Last autumn, Mugwumps were summarily kicked out of the Republican party so far as was possible, and since then they have been amusingly treated as suppliants and penitents, although there is no doubt whatever that it is the Republicans who did not bolt who feel that the party made a terrible mistake, and who are resolved that it shall not be made again. The Republican who said that the party "cries for revenge" upon the Mugwumps is now seldom heard, and the Mugwump who bewails his course has not been discovered. What is called expulsion from the party is wholly unimportant to Mugwumps, because they are neither professional politicians nor office-seekers, and because the very distinction of Mugwumpery is to vote as you choose, and not as somebody else chooses. The Mugwumps, as we have said more than once, however discarded by Republicans, did not become Democrats, nor support Mr. Cleveland as a Democrat. But the Republican argument of the campaign, that the Republican nomination ought to be supported because the party contained more reformers than the Democratic party, was not convincing to Republican voters who saw both in the nomination and in the tone of its advocacy the strongest proof that the reformers could not control the party. One fortunate result of the Mugwump movement is the demonstration that the character of a party will be inferred from its most important action and from those who direct its conduct, and consequently that a large body of voters will not support, merely for the sake of a party, nominations which they do not approve.

It must be obvious to sagacious observers that the independent voters of last year in New York and elsewhere will vote this year upon the same general principle. They will not sustain the Democratic nomination merely because it is Democratic, nor the Republican merely because it is Republican. They do not think, probably, nor say, that there are not times and emergencies when a man will support the candidates of a party because of the party, nor would they deny that when parties plainly represent great policies and measures a man will prefer one party to another. These voters, however, believe that this is not such a time, and that upon the most pressing question before the country neither party holds a distinctive position. Senator Edmunds says that he thinks the Democratic party demand for spoils will at last overcome the President. He means, of course, outside of the operation of the law, because he can not doubt that the President will enforce the law. But even if the Senator's anticipation should be fulfilled, the situation would be only what it has been under Republican ascendency. The law was enforced, but beyond its scope the party spoilsmen had their way, and Democrats were as rigorously proscribed as by a constitutional exclusion. Even if the President should complete a clean sweep by the end of his term, there is probably little doubt that should he be succeeded by a Republican President, such a President would follow his example. The President, therefore, whom personally Senator Edmunds apparently does not distrust, should be strengthened and sustained by the sympathy of all voters who sincerely desire the accomplishment of the reform to which he is personally faithful, and in the elections of this year such voters, we suppose, will manifest their sympathy by supporting the candidate whose election would show that the people really approve his course.

This will not be necessarily the candidate of the Democratic Convention, nor necessarily that of the Republican Convention, but the candidate who is best known to be identified with reform. And by reform we mean the purpose and spirit and method of the law of the 16th of January, 1883. We do not mean by reform merely the selection of proper persons for appointment, but selection for the classified service according to the methods prescribed by law, and for the unclassified service by methods free from mere personal or political influence. We mean also the retention of officers and employés both in the State and national service whose duties are wholly administrative and non-political, who are competent and efficient and honest, and who have not politically abused their positions. The candidate, for instance, for Governor of New York whose career shows that he means reform in this way, whether he should be nominated by the Democratic or the Republican Convention, would, in our opinion, receive the support of the great majority of the independent Republican voters. If neither of the candidates should be known to have any interest in the subject or convictions upon it, the tendency of that vote would be toward the Democratic candidate, for the reason that Democratic success would be regarded as approval and support of the President. But this would be by no means necessarily the case. The election of a Democratic candidate representing the bitter hostility to the President within his own party would be a very serious blow to the President and his policy. The success of such a candidate would be less a sign of popular approval of the President's course than the election of a Republican who should be an earnest and practical friend of the President's reform principles. This fact, which is unquestionable, throws a singular light upon the political situation. That the election of a nominal opponent might be the earnest of public approbation of the President's course is the conclusive evidence that we are in a period of political transition.

MR. LYNDE HARRISON'S LETTER.

The chairman of the Republican State Committee in Connecticut has written an open letter to citizens of that State who have usually voted for Republican candidates, but who last year saw fit to vote for the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. The letter asserts by implication that the gentlemen to whom it is addressed by name declared that they supported Mr. Cleveland because the Democratic party was a better reform party than the Republican, and asks whether, since it is now evident that the Democratic reform mask is thrown off, the alliance with that party is to be permanent. This letter has been described as impertinent, impudent, and insolent. It is certainly untimely, inexpedient, and ineffective, and it is an extraordinary letter for one voter to address to others who are not candidates for public office, who are not members of the political committee of which the writer of the letter is chairman, and who are in no way whatever subject to his official or other supervision.

The Independent Republicans of Connecticut did not state that they proposed to support the Democratic candidate because the Democratic party was more or less a reform party than the Republican. They voted for him because the Republican party nominated a candidate whom they believed to be unfit, and whom they could not honorably support; and in order to spare the country the misfortune of his election, and to rebuke the party by his defeat, they supported the Democratic candidate, who was a sincere friend of reform, which they did not believe the other candidate to be. If the Republican party had nominated any other of the prominent candidates, the Independent Republicans would not have bolted. It is therefore a *suggestio falsi* that the gentlemen to whom the letter is addressed held the Democratic party to be more an agency of reform than the Republican, and for that reason supported the Democratic candidate.

The chairman, Mr. Harrison, cites certain instances of changes in the civil service, and asks whether they show an honest regard for reform. To this question it is enough to say that certain changes have been condemned by Independent Republicans more strongly than by anybody else, that similar violations of the spirit of reform occurred constantly under Republican administration, that they would certainly have occurred if Mr. Blaine had been elected, and that if they prove the present Executive to be utterly false, they condemn equally every Republican administration. Mr. Harrison can not possibly prove that there was not a general Democratic proscription under Republican ascendency except within the classified service, and he will not deny that there is as much respected now as it has ever been. Violations of the spirit of the reform under the Democratic Administration prove what they proved under the Republican, that neither party is a reform party, and as the Independent Republicans have made no such claim for the Democratic party, there is no sting for them in the admission which they are the first to make. It would be very unfortunate for Mr. Harrison if he should rest the Republican cause upon the allegation that it was a civil service reform party.

This part of his letter, however, is merely trivial. But the letter itself, which is a kind of calling to account of the gentlemen to whom it is addressed, naturally invites a rejoinder. The Republican party was defeated not because the Democratic party was believed to be more faithful to reform, but because the Republican party was faithless to its own best traditions. Its strength has lain always in the fact which has been made its chief ridicule, that it represented the moral impulse and conviction of the country. When, therefore, its nomination for the Presidency in what was claimed to be a peculiarly fair representative Convention was instantly rejected for conclusive personal reasons by a great body of original and sincere Republicans, and when the conspicuous leaders of the party sneered at the moral objection and virtually declared that the nomination should be accepted as a moral acquittal, and that in any case the Republican party was better than the Democratic party, the Republican party was defeated, and there are Republicans who think that its defeat under such circumstances was a great national benefit and warning, and proved that the political conscience which formerly distinguished that party was still both alive and powerful. The question whether the Republican party proposes still to hold that it is unpatriotic to vote against an unfit candidate, and that the offenses of Democrats against colored voters in Mississippi are reasons for Connecticut voters to support unfit Republican candidates when regularly nominated, is a much more vital question for the party than whether the good service of Mr. Sperry as a postmaster should set off his activity as a partisan. Mr. Harrison will undoubtedly discover that if the political morality of last year has become permanently that of the Republican party, the party has lost the confidence and the support of many thousands of the best citizens of the United States, who, like those whom he addresses, "were reputed to be members of the Republican party."

THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.

The pride of Spain has been deeply wounded by the German occupation of the Caroline Islands. The Spanish Government summarily rejected the offer of arbitration, a "violent demonstration" was made against the German embassy in Madrid, and the air was murky with rumors of the Ministers of the two countries demanding and receiving their passports. The relations between the two governments are "seriously strained," and Spain might reasonably have wondered whether Germany intended to pursue the same course with the Peninsula as with France. Meanwhile Spain apologized for the insult to the German Minister at Madrid. But the national feeling is so bitter that in other parts of Europe Spaniards showed their hostility to the Germans, and there was even talk of ultimatums. The quarrel was very sudden, and the object of the dispute is in itself of no importance. The Caroline Islands are in the East Indies, and they are of no especial value to any great power. A correspondent of the *Independent* says that there are five hundred of the islands, with a population of one hundred thousand, half of whom have been converted from paganism to Christianity by American missionaries.

The motives of Bismarck's action are not clear. The empire, indeed, has betrayed much more disposition for colonial extension than any German power has hitherto shown, and the Chancellor naturally picks up the territory which seems to be most feebly held. In the days of our San Domingo debate the project of annexation was stimulated by the declaration that Germany would seize the island if we did not. If it were the wish of Bismarck to quarrel with Spain, he could not begin more effectually than by the step which he has taken. But it is hardly likely that he means to engage in a Spanish war, while it is plainly impolitic for him to draw Spain and France more closely together by common hostility to Germany. The facts meanwhile remain that two Spanish war ships reached Yap, one of the Caroline Islands, on the 21st of August, and prepared to occupy in the name of Spain, and that while they were preparing to occupy, a German gun-boat arrived and occupied, and that a German squadron is on the way. But the Emperor of Germany seems not to have desired war, and the fragmentary telegraphic accounts indicate that the matter will be peaceably adjusted by the withdrawal of Germany. This may save the throne to King Alfonso, who has not seemed to share the anger of his kingdom with Germany.

Perhaps some kind of complication may yet arise.

France would not unwillingly see Germany at war with Spain. But her willingness would not persuade her to see with pleasure Germany striking Spain through France. The incident may prove to be a mere passing breeze soon dying away, but it is also out of just such incidents that great wars spring. The peace of the European world is only an armed truce, and it is impossible to foretell when any power may think it to be for its interest to break the truce.

GEORGE W. CLINTON.

THE death of Judge CLINTON, Vice-Chancellor of the University of the State of New York, was sudden and apparently painless. He had recently returned to Albany from his vacation, and going out for an afternoon ramble to pursue the botanical researches of which he was very fond, he died peacefully in an avenue of the cemetery. The taste for botany, for the study of plants and flowers, and for the rural strolls which the taste promotes, is a key to the fresh, simple, generous, and sincere nature and character of the man. At seventy-seven, although an old man in appearance, his tall, spare figure was still erect, his eye had not lost its fire, and his movement had the elastic spring of long-lingering youth.

Judge CLINTON was the son of the great Governor, and the grandson of the first Governor of New York. No man, among the many justly eminent men who have filled that office, is so identified with a historic measure of such vast importance and benefit to the State and country as DE WITT CLINTON, who was not precisely the father, but was certainly the good genius, of the Erie Canal. His son GEORGE had filled many honorable public posts, and retired from the bench, at the age of seventy, a poor man. Happily the DE WITT CLINTON papers needed to be mastered and put in order, and to this filial duty, at the capital of the State, in which he was born, his last years were devoted. He was the oldest member, in official service, of the Board of Regents, having been appointed in 1856, and his long experience, his legal knowledge, his good judgment, his tact and urbanity, made him an authoritative and respected counsellor.

Judge CLINTON was a charming companion, blending the utmost simplicity and modesty and delightful humor with a certain quaint stateliness of manner which could be even of courtly dignity. In the Constitutional Convention of 1867 it was interesting to see the son of DE WITT CLINTON, with his father's tall figure and flashing eye, defending with ardent and exuberant appeals his father's great work from what seemed to him the sacrilegious suggestion of sale. But his ardor was wholly sweet, and in his kindly humor and ready sympathy all personal hostility was dissolved. His death takes from his official associates and from his friends a man much beloved and valued, who through a long life bore, honored and unstained, one of the great names of New York and of the country.

ON THE ROCKS.

THE Philadelphia *American* says that Mr. EDMUNDS has shown that a President who stands for a party which does not believe in reform can not carry it out. The Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, the chief Republican organ in Ohio, says of the reform advocated by the *Evening Post*, which is the reform made law by Congress:

"We can tell the able editor that nine-tenths of the people of Ohio, without distinction of party, regard it as a humbug."

This is not the official declaration of the party in convention, but it is that of its newspaper high-priest, which is very much more likely to represent the actual feeling in the party, or what he believes it to be. The *Commercial Gazette* certainly does not show, nor wish to show, that the Republican is a reform party.

In Pennsylvania the party puts forward Mr. QUAY as its especial representative, and the chairman of the Republican State Committee issues political assessment circulars to the employés of the government. Meanwhile the Republican party organs in Pennsylvania, like those in Ohio, sneer at HIGGINS. But Mr. HIGGINS is quite as good a reformer as Mr. QUAY.

Now Mr. HIGGINS is not a reformer, and the moral is that a party which nominates Mr. QUAY, and whose officers assess clerks to pay the expenses of his election, and whose organs contemptuously brand reform as humbug, may be a much better party than the Democratic, and many of its supporters may be reformers, but it is not a reform party.

PARTY AND POST-OFFICES.

IT seems to be an authentic statement that there are 48,421 fourth-class post-offices, and 6309 of these have been changed by the new Administration in six months, that is, one-eighth in six months, at which rate it will take four years to change them all. The President has also appointed 524 postmasters in a total of 2332 of the Presidential class. The average of the last two years of Republican administration was about 12,000 appointments, Presidential and minor, mostly on account of resignation or expiry of commission, and the establishment of new offices. The number of removals and suspensions was 705 in 1882-3, and 513 in 1883-4.

We have already shown by the frank confessions of both sides that these offices are the head-quarters of party activity in the small towns and villages, and especially illustrate the abuse which reform seeks to correct. The difficulty of avoiding mistakes and injustice in the process of remedying this abuse is obvious, and it is enormous. It is such that no honest man will judge the good faith of the Administration by occasional instances where mistakes are made or wrong is done. These offices were almost universally filled in obedience to the theory that they were part of the spoils. As a rule, no Democrat was appointed if a Republican could be found.

When such a postmaster is removed by this Administration because of the fact that he is a Republican, it is a mere continuation of the spoils scheme, and is, of course, a violation of the principles of reform, and invites reprisals when the opposition shall obtain power. And when he is removed for just reasons of party abuse of his office, and his place is filled by a Democrat because he is a Democrat, the party consideration is wholly opposed to the principle of reform, and it is entertained only because of the expediency of distributing the service equitably between the parties, so that all feeling of injustice may be removed, and that both parties may be interested in the maintenance of the reformed system. But that equilibrium once established, the political consideration must be discarded, and the chances of equal distribution in the future depend wholly upon good service.

AMONG THE BREAKERS.

IF the facts which we mention elsewhere show that the Republican party in Pennsylvania and Ohio can not be called a reform party, there are plenty of similar facts to prove the same thing of the Democratic party. If one is upon the rocks, so far as this question is concerned, the other is among the breakers. Thus the delegates to the Democratic Convention in Richmond County, in New York, according to a Democratic paper, "are pledged by cast-iron obligations to see that no man goes to nominate State officers who is not himself radically opposed to the civil service regulations."

One such incident is conclusive evidence that the party as such is not a reform party, because no such convention would pronounce against an accepted principle or policy of the party. Such incidents reveal a contest within the party to throw its force for or against a policy. The principles of a party are those from which it springs, and which it is organized to carry out in practical measures.

It is announced that the Richmond County Democratic Convention, which is thus pledged against reform, will nominate Mr. ERASTUS BROOKS for the Assembly. But Mr. BROOKS is a supporter of the President and a friend of reform, and he would not probably accept the nomination of such a convention without stating his views upon so vital a question.

SIR BOYLE ROCHE'S LOGIC.

MR. LOWELL has been accused of Anglomania to the degree of half regretting that he is an American. In the most serious and emphatic manner he denies it, and in words which glow and burn with the truest patriotism. Thereupon the *American* in Philadelphia exclaims, "*Qui s'excuse, accuse!*"

This is as if a man should be charged with picking pockets, and when he denies the charge, the accuser should cry out, "He confesses it! *qui s'excuse, accuse!*"

This is logic worthy of Sir BOYLE ROCHE, and the *American* might well be called the *Irishman*.

THE VERDICT.

THE Rev. Dr. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, an old antislavery man and the especial friend of SUMNER and ANDREW, could have had no personal motive in supporting Mr. CLEVELAND, and he now says:

"I think that those Republicans who spoke and voted for Mr. CLEVELAND last autumn have reason thus far to be satisfied with their action. He has not only expressed himself strongly in favor of civil service reform, but has acted decidedly in that direction. Extreme partisans on both sides are indignant with his course, while the friends of civil service reform are united in its approval. His conduct toward the cattle men has showed the determination to uphold the laws, no matter how formidable the combination to break them. General SHERIDAN tells us that the President's decided action in protecting the Indians from the spoilers has prevented another Indian war. I think we have an honest and able man in the Presidential chair, who has the decision and firmness of ANDREW JACKSON, who knows what he ought to do, and means to do it, and who is not afraid of the politicians. He is a man who does his duty, and believes the people will support him in doing it."

So say you, Mr. Foreman; so say you all, gentlemen of the jury!

THE WYOMING MASSACRE.

THE massacre of the Chinese laborers in Wyoming is one of the crimes which disgrace a people, because it is due to the jealousy and hatred of a race. In excluding the Chinese from the country by law we have especially stigmatized them, and common decency and humanity should lead us to protect those of them who unfortunately happen to be among us, and whom the law shows that we wish were somewhere else.

To carry a gang of Chinese laborers far away from the usual safeguards of civilization and beyond the reach of protection, among those who hate them, and who will not hesitate to maim and murder them, is to do something which should not be allowed except under ample security of proper protection. It is not to be supposed that it can be done safely without such protection, and it is a question for the casuists whether, if we may properly prohibit the coming of a people into the country, we may not also properly prohibit their employment, since it is the prospect of employment which tempts them to come.

It was the old boast of America that it was the refuge of the oppressed from all parts of the world. But every nation may justly decide under what circumstances and conditions emigration from other countries shall be allowed, if permitted at all. But it would seem that if the coming of a particular people is so dangerous and threatening as to justify exclusion, those who are not or can not be excluded should be held under such surveillance that they would be protected from wanton injury. The government has properly sent troops to the scene of the Wyoming massacre. But if Chinese laborers are to be employed there, the country should be fully garrisoned.

PERSONAL.

EX-GOVERNOR CORNELL, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Grant Monument Fund, knows certain phases of human nature very well. Almost daily he receives offers to contribute to the fund from persons who expect to derive benefit therefrom. A coal-dealer wants the committee to sell coal for him in return for twenty-five cents a ton for the GRANT monument. A clock-maker is willing to allow the committee ten cents for every one of his clocks that it will find a market for. Cranks of all descriptions visit the rooms, each with an axe to grind. The ex-Governor, having determined to raise a million dollars, treats all alike with dispassionate courtesy. But he philosophizes all the same.

—Mr. WALT WHITMAN has had a sun-stroke which made him weak and kept him within-doors twelve days, but "I move around the house, eat my rations fairly, and write a little. Fortunately, I have a good, faithful young Jersey woman and friend, MARY DAVIS, who cooks for me and vigilantly sees to me."

—The pretty little Church of the Invalides, in Paris, was one mass of mourning drapery at the funeral of Admiral COURBET. The catafalque almost touched the ceiling, and the coffin that it bore was covered with a tricolor. M. ANGUERZ, of the Opéra, sang a new hymn, the choir chanted BEETHOVEN'S "Sanctus"; mass began amid the booming of cannon, and the ceremony was concluded with another salvo of artillery.

—Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S constituents desired to know his intentions regarding the disestablishment of the Church. He declined to give specific pledges, because "to do so is, in my opinion, not advantageous to the freedom of action of members of Parliament."

—Bishop WILLIAM TAYLOR'S party of missionaries at Loanda, south coast of Africa, have no thought of abandoning their work. "We fully understand," he says, "that the Christianization of Africa means much privation and hardship, but we have invested our lives in it. I am now on the way to America for my wife and children and other recruits to labor in this needy field."

—An esteemed correspondent of this journal notes that the portrait of the first JOHN WALTER, of the London *Times*, reproduced in this column last week, has a strong resemblance to that of GEORGE WASHINGTON.

—The old monk who spoke of Rabbi Talmud, thinking that the book was a man, is matched by the old commentator who wrote about "Koran, that distinguished law-giver of the Mohammedans."

—Mr. JOHN MORLEY, editor successively of the *Morning Star*, *Fortnightly Review*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, and very recently of *Macmillan's Magazine*, has severed his connection with journalism and periodical literature in order to be unhampered as member of Parliament. His friends expect that he will become a member of the next Liberal cabinet.

—M. ROCHEFORT, the French radical, is tall, gray, with peculiar features, and a count of ancient family, extravagantly fond of horse-races, and financially prosperous. He goes down to the office of his newspaper, the *Intransigéant*, at midnight, and writes one editorial daily, with great rapidity and in excellent literary style. Once a week he sends a column to the *Gil Blas*, for which he receives one hundred dollars. He is fond of pictures and of painters, and his friends call him a distinctly good fellow.

—A gentleman in this city who owns a commodious but inexpensive cat-boat invited eight of his suburban friends to go down the bay and see the *Genesta* and the *Puritan*. They left at three o'clock in the afternoon, with him at the tiller, and not a hired man on board. It was a pleasant sail, and when six o'clock came he introduced them to a basket of provender, which contained sandwiches, two bottles of cold coffee, peaches, a piece of ice, and a jug of water. The sea air had given appetites to the excursionists, and on returning they agreed unanimously that they had had a splendid time, and gladly pocketed an invitation to go again. As the treat had cost their host less than two dollars, they were not oppressed by a sense of obligation. One of the party could not help contrasting the affair with an elaborate dinner of thirteen courses which a friend had prepared in a modest cottage for him and his wife, at an expense which he could ill afford. "I asked my friend to take dinner with me in return," he said, "and that ended our hospitalities. We haven't eaten together since, and probably never shall again. The fact is, we can't afford it. I think that our host to-day showed himself a man of sense, and I respect him. He might have spent a hundred dollars on 'refreshments,' but he wasn't so vain."

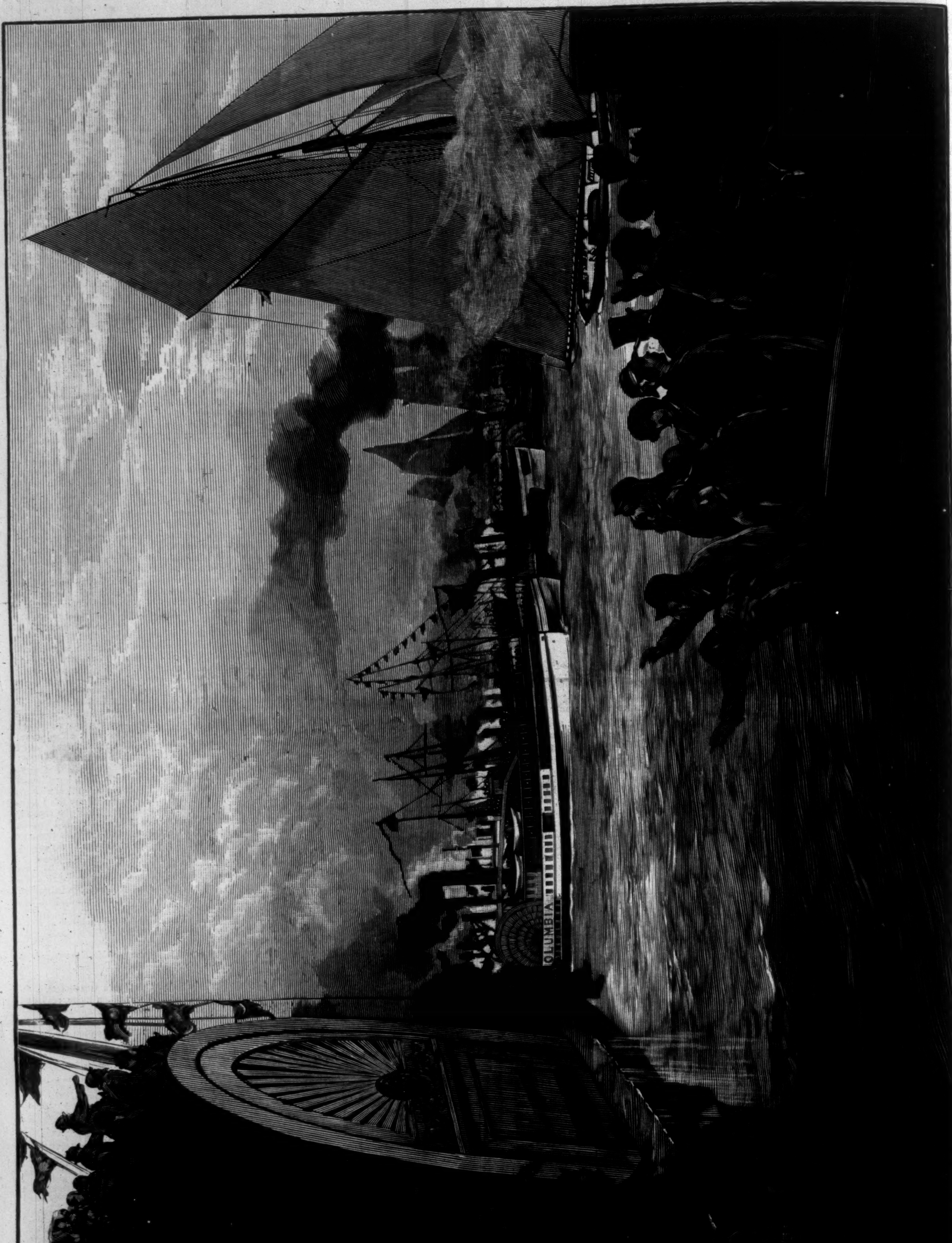
—M. ÉMILE OLLIVIER, who entered "with a light heart" upon the disastrous Franco-German war, has made a political address in which he warns the French people, "whom all my life I have not ceased to serve and love," of the "cruel lot" that the republic is preparing for them. BISMARCK once said to him: "If I had the misfortune to have brought on my country all the evils that you have brought on yours, I would pass the remainder of my life on my knees asking pardon of God for the crime I had committed."

—Probably the longest epistolary correspondence between friends on record is one covering a period of seventy-five years between the late Mrs. LINCOLN PHELPS, of Baltimore, and the Hon. D. B. BUSH, now living in Pittsfield, Illinois, at the advanced age of ninety-five. On the occasion of General LAFAYETTE'S visit to this country, Mr. PHELPS delivered an address of welcome at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. He served four terms in the Massachusetts Legislature early in this century.

—The late Dean STANLEY was a playmate of Mr. GLADSTONE'S at the age of ten or twelve. One day the future Premier, then fifteen years old, asked him if he had ever read GRAY'S poems. "No," replied STANLEY. "Then do so at once," said GLADSTONE, vehemently, and produced the volume. It was taken home, read, and enjoyed.

—Mr. WILL CARLETON'S poem "Calibre Fifty-four," published in a late number of the WEEKLY, has attracted attention among the soldiers of the late war all over the country. The latest letter on the subject is from Mr. HUGO MULERTT, of Cincinnati, who is confident he knew the original of the story, and writes as follows:

"If the lad in 'Calibre Fifty-four' is not the one referred to in my recent letter, it is remarkable how many instances of my recollections are strongly fitting to your poem. The captain [of Company H, Tenth New York Cavalry] had, since he was in the field, become a widower. He brought his two boys along to the company after his wife had been buried. The youngest, about ten years old, wore ordinary school clothes, while the twelve or thirteen year old was dressed in a bugler's uniform (exactly like that in the picture in HARPER'S WEEKLY), and was doing the kind of duty for his father that in civil life is done by an office-boy. At the first day's fight at Dinwiddie Court House, Virginia, on a Sunday afternoon—I think it was March 30 or 31, 1865—when we were driving the enemy again, I was ordered in search of a certain officer. In coming up a shady road in the woods in which the fighting was going on, and immediately in rear of our line, I met my little hero, who was weeping, and asked me for water. I asked whether he was wounded. He replied 'No,' and said, 'but look here, my father'; he stepped to the side of the road a little way and pointed to the ground. There was a touching group. Under a bushy little dogwood, stretched in the grass to die, lay the captain, a man of about thirty-five or forty years. His youngest son, who was down on his knees by his right side, weeping and patting his father's face, was held by the latter in his right arm, while the left hand was firmly pressed on his chest, as if in great pain. I dismounted quickly and gave him to drink. Leaving my canteen with them, I hurried to the field hospital, close by, and sent assistance. The captain most likely had, after being wounded, tried to reach the hospital by aid of his children, but, his strength failing, lay down to rest—'just for a while'—under this dogwood. Some days afterward, at Farmville, Virginia, after we had forded the Appomattox River, we were suddenly attacked by rebel cavalry. We constructed breastworks out of fences in front of a wood, and here it was that our ammunition gave out, and a bugler was sent back to hurry them up. I, being in the skirmish line, myself did not see the bugler leave. The ammunition did not reach us in time. The enemy attacked us, and we met him half-way, charging on him with our sabres. We carried the field. The war being ended, soldiers had more time to talk about the past, and on such occasions, when inquiring what had become of the two boys of Company H, some comrade said, 'Don't you remember the day we ran out of ammunition near Farmville? Well, he' (meaning the oldest) 'was sent for more cartridges, but his horse was killed and he himself wounded. We never saw him since.' This is the story of my hero. You can see for yourself how close your poem comes to it. Very respectfully, yours,
HUGO MULERTT."



THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACES—THE START AT THE "SCOTLAND" LIGHT-SHIP, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.—[See Page 615.]

INDIAN WARFARE—DISCOVERY OF THE VILLAGE.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 615.]

PLANCHETTE'S PRESCRIPTION.

OTHER people have different similes for obstinacy, but in our family we always said, "As obstinate as Aunt Eliza." Let an idea, no matter how preposterous, once get a good foot-hold in my aunt's brain, and there was an end of the matter; argument, entreaty, opposition, ridicule—each one made a worse failure than the other. Yet my aunt Eliza was the kindest, best-tempered soul living. It was she to whom every one always ran in case of sudden trouble or sickness. The sight of her comely and ample person, and handsome, fresh-tinted face, the cheerfulness of which her widow's cap softened and dignified, but could not shadow, was better than medicine to the patient. The poor blessed her in a dozen languages. And the departing clergyman regularly commended her to his successor as a pillar of the temple. Aunt Eliza being thus obstinate and lovable, we, her own kindred, took care not to run our heads against her whims. Therefore, five years ago, when she fished a belated planchette out of some rubbish in the garret, and took to consulting the little wheeled monster's scrawls, we merely looked on in respectful neutrality. When she and her circle of wonder-workers made the scrawls into communications from her late husband, my uncle Eldred, we discussed Aunt Eliza's new freak dubiously among ourselves, but in the presence we were silent. We even tried to keep Basil Ferris quiet, because he was in love with Aunt Eliza's only child, Lyde, and we wished him well, he being a capital fellow, of good family, who had inherited one of the largest foundries on the Ohio River.

"Give her her head, Basil, and she'll come out all right," counselled my father, who came from Kentucky, and carried his fondness for horses into his metaphors.

"It's just because she's so lonesome and misses brother Eldred," my mother pleaded.

Tim and I, both youngsters then, thought Planchette great fun, and, to our own proper shame be it spoken, were not above getting Uncle Eldred to advise birthday treats and circuses with reckless liberality.

But Basil would not be checked. He derided Planchette openly, told Aunt Eliza that she was being swindled, and called Uncle Eldred's messages "twaddle." That put the cap-sheaf on his iniquities. An insult to herself, my aunt said, she might have pardoned, but one to her dead husband—*never!* She informed Basil that the engagement was over, and told Lyde that if she married that "sacrilegious young man," she (Aunt Eliza) would die of a broken heart, and move out of town and never see her again. Lyde was a slimmer and younger copy of her mother, without the obstinacy; therefore the sweetest girl in the world. She was devoted to her mother, and she besought Ferris to be patient. He was patient at first, but as time went by relentlessly, and the day that was to have been his wedding day drew near, without the least abatement of my aunt's rancor, he began to feel the bitterness of his fate. Then something happened awful enough to scare away even a lover's impatience. It happened in this wise. We live in a little Ohio town in the iron country: the town is hardly more than a cluster of foundries and their dependencies, the forlorn cabins of the negroes and the operatives, the pretty cottages of the better class of workmen, the manufacturers' villas and square, spacious, piazza-surrounded houses built in the Southern fashion, and the shops which supply such a populace. All day the sky is smirched by the heavy black smoke, all night it is painted by the flames that pour out of the huge chimneys. The place is so far south that summer lingers long and flowers thrive in the dingy air. My aunt, who had travelled, used to say that there are no lovelier roses in Florence than ours. Of all our roses the most beautiful grew in Pirate Haines's garden.

Pirate Haines was so called on account of a grim legend current in the town, which was rendered the more credible by his morose temper and mysterious wealth. He lived all alone in a big ugly brick house on a high bank overlooking the river. The piazza, which was as large as a ship's deck, was decorated in a grotesque and sinister manner by two carronades. A negro man and his wife lived in a cottage on the grounds, and served the pirate, and there was a savage dog to guard the garden. Why the pirate cared for roses I can't say, but there was a wonderful quantity of them. Certainly it was not to give pleasure to his towns-people, since he had bought a vacant field lying between his garden and the streets—a field traversed by a foot-path from time immemorial—and he guarded foot-path and field with his dog. Now my aunt had a peculiar fondness for roses, and she had heard of a certain new variety possessed by the pirate, and flourishing this year in a luxuriance exasperating to all other rose cultivators. "I don't believe they are so fine," said my aunt Eliza one day; "I've a mind to go in and see." We were close by the field—we three, Aunt Eliza, Lyde, and I. Aunt Eliza insisted that Snap, the dog, was dead, and no new dog had come. Lyde was afraid. I happened to have my first revolver, a secret treasure, which I was carrying to show the boys, so I said valiantly that I was not afraid of any dog. We entered the field, I strutting ahead, with my fingers griping the handle of my weapon. We examined the roses without misadventure (my aunt said their merits had been much exaggerated), and turned to go home. Half-way an ominous sound smote on our ears—a loud, deep growl.

"Oh, Rem, it's the new dog!" gasped Lyde. "Fly for the fence, ma!"

"Never you mind, Aunt Eliza," said I, though my legs were shaking; "I'll protect you." Out came the revolver, and I faced the dog. He was a great yellow and brown beast, big as a lion, I thought, quaking, and with a horrible mouthful of gleaming white teeth. He dashed straight after the women. Too excited to take aim, I fired twice. I don't suppose that I came within a yard of him. The panting creature, with his eyes of fire, bounded past, and the next second I heard a bark and a crash. Lyde had dragged Aunt Eliza to the fence, which they both had mounted. The fence was frail and Aunt Eliza was stout; hence, when the crash came, all that I could see was a cloud of dust through which twinkled Cousin Lyde's red stockings, my aunt Eliza's black stockings, and the yellow dog's four legs in the air. A second later, abreast of the catastrophe, I had a vision of two gowns tumbled together on the grass, and the yellow dog before me. Then it was that I fired again. Probably the beast himself was not more astounded than I, when he leaped high in the air, rolled over, gasped, and was dead. Half frightened at my own victory, I approached him, lying in the little puff of dust made by his fall. He lay on his side; flakes of foam dribbled from his dreadful jaws, his tongue protruded, his dead eyes glared. It seemed to me that I had made a discovery; but I should not have blurted it out so quickly had I not a distinct picture in my mind of the creature leaping over the two women.

"I've killed him," I shouted. "I guess he's mad."

My aunt turned white. "Oh, laws!" she screamed, holding out her arm; "he bit me. Lyde, I'm a dead woman."

There was a jagged tear in the silk and crape of her sleeve; beneath was the merest puncture of the skin.

"Nonsense, ma," said Lyde, briskly (but I noticed that she was paler than Aunt Eliza); "it's only a scratch. Get a stick, Rem, and twist this handkerchief tight above the place. That's a tourniquet. You showed me yourself, ma. Now we'll get it cauterized, and then you are perfectly safe."

Luckily Arp's tiny "pharmacy" was so near that in ten minutes we had Aunt Eliza in a close carriage with a bandaged arm.

Arp advised whiskey. "But as for your making your own mother drunk on whiskey, Eliza Prescott," said my aunt, "I won't have it. It's disgraceful. No, if I must be intoxicated, I will take brandied peaches and champagne. Your pa always said there was nothing like a mixture of liquors. Besides, I know it won't do any good; I always had a strong head. I remember when your pa and I climbed to the top of Milan cathedral I wasn't a mite dizzy." When the doctor arrived he found my aunt solemnly devouring brandied peaches, while Lyde cried quietly in the corner, and I kept Aunt Eliza company with the peaches. The first question he asked was how we knew that the dog was mad; and he didn't seem particularly impressed by my reasons.

"I reckon the dog was mad at *you*," said he, dryly, "and that's all the mad about him; but you did just right, Miss Lyde; and you keep quiet for a few days, Mrs. Prescott, and you'll not have any more inconvenience."

There was a levity about this way of treating the matter which did not please Aunt Eliza. She answered very stiffly. "The dog *was* mad, doctor, I know very well. He was the perfect image of a mad dog I saw once myself, just the same size and color, and his tongue stuck out the same way. I know my own danger perfectly, and you needn't try to deceive me; my only chance was to get drunk, and I'm not getting drunk a mite. Doctor, I wish you'd send a book on hydrophobia to me, and ask Mr. Ray to step in this evening; I want to alter my will a little, and I ought to be perfectly rational. Lyde, pass the champagne. Take a glass yourself, doctor, do."

I saw the doctor's brows contract; he had known my aunt ever since their school-days in Kentucky; he was aware how obstinate she could be; but he spoke cheerfully. "Now don't you go to imagining things, Mrs. Prescott; you're all right. And don't see anybody but your sister and her family, and keep quiet."

Very little good the last injunction did, though, since I counted fifteen women going into the house next day. My aunt Eliza said that she *must* see her friends. Precious comforters they were, too. They described the symptoms of hydrophobia to the very last horror. It was amazing how many of them had relatives or friends, or friends of their friends, who had died of the disease in awful agonies, which they described minutely. The few who had no personal experience had read newspaper stories to such good purpose that they were rather more successful in a ghastly way than the others. Worst of all, old Pirate Haines (out of sheer cruelty and malice, I do believe) shook his head and said that the dog had been acting very queerly of late.

"I don't want no pay for that dog," said the old reprobate.

"Why the devil didn't you kill the brute, then?" shouted my father.

"I don' say's he's mad," the pirate replied. "I don' know's he is; I don' know's he *ain't*. I jest chained him up to see, an' he broke the chain."

The whole town's sympathy went to Aunt Eliza, and, naturally enough, the town's indignation (a sort of twin brother of sympathy), hunting about for some one to blame, fell equally on the pirate and me.

Most people thought that I ought not to have killed the dog. Mad dogs should not be killed, but captured alive, and kept in safe confinement until the doctors can determine whether or not the animal has rabies.

They talked as though catching mad dogs alive was the easiest thing on earth. My father did not object to my shooting the dog, but told me that I was "a fool to scare the women." My mother declared that it all came from that wicked practice of boys carrying revolvers. What did I want with a revolver, anyhow? And she promptly confiscated my cherished weapon. Tim really was sorry for me, but he thought that I ought to have lassoed the dog just as we saw the cow-boys doing with the buffalo in the *Wild West*. He would have done that way himself; he always carried a rope in his pocket. I was too dejected to remind him that, in spite of shying his lasso at every brute within reach, he had never succeeded in noosing anything but an old blind horse, which ran away with the rope.

I was miserable enough those days; indeed, so were we all, since Aunt Eliza's case had become serious. Any stray hopes we might have had of moving her, Planchette extinguished directly.

"No, Remington," she said, solemnly, to my father; "I know better. I've been warned from on high. That fatal day I consulted Planchette about sending some things to sister Kate in Lexington. I thought the message read, 'Take a quiet drayman.' You know the writing is a little indistinct. But when I got home I looked at it again, and there it was, plain as day, 'You are in great danger.' Since then Eldred himself has told me that I'm doomed. Everything is arranged about my worldly affairs. I've seen Mr. Ray; I've sent word to sister Kate when the funeral is likely to be, so she can come over; and I've engaged Hatchett for the undertaker—Pierce sniffles and hems so it would disturb me in my coffin, I know. And I've bought some stout canvas to bind me—"

"Oh, Lord bless the woman!" father burst out, in a fury between rage and grief. "Eliza, you're just imagining yourself mad."

"Indeed I'm not, Remington Prescott. I've read the whole of *Youatt on the Dog*. You are right cruel to talk so to a dying woman."

"You're not a dying woman."

"I am, too," said my aunt Eliza.

Actually, both growing warm, they nearly had a quarrel on the spot.

Lyde begged us in future not to argue with her mother. "You know how firm ma is," said Lyde. "Firm" struck me as a filial word. By this time the doctor was at his wits' end. Promptly upon the ninth day Aunt Eliza was seized with a shivering fit, and took to a darkened room and sniffing chloroform. Symptoms described by sympathizing friends appeared in force. "See, now," said the doctor, with a groan, "I *know* she hasn't anything but lyssophobia; that's a sort of spurious rabies, you understand—just imaginary. I've watched her, and she hasn't any hyperæsthesia to speak of, and there isn't the extraordinary reflex sensibility of the real rabies. No, sir. But she'll kill herself just the same. Why, sir, there are cases where men have gone raving mad and died from the bite of a dog found afterward in perfect health. It is awful about Mrs. Prescott. She has ordered a muzzle, as sure as you live. I tell you, sir, when I heard about that I felt like crying."

"It makes *me* feel like swearing," growled my father. "Ferris, what do you say?"

Basil was in New York at the time of the accident. As soon as he heard about it he came home: he had only been home a day. "I think," said Basil, "that I'll take a walk with Rem over to the scene."

He was very kind and forbearing with me, saying, "You acted for the best, Rem, and if the dog had been mad, the sooner they knew it the better; time's money with mad-dog bites." That was the way Lyde had talked too, but of course I thought a great deal more of it coming from Basil, Lyde being only a girl. He looked very tall and handsome and determined as he strode along. I admired him immensely, and a gleam of hope lightened my heart: perhaps he might think of something. It did not take long to conduct him to the pirate's field. There was the fence, not yet mended, the broken rails, and trampled grass. Basil examined everything with frowning attention. Finally he called me to him and showed me a shred of something black fluttering from a projecting nail.

"Do you see that?" said he, pulling it away.

I saw that it was a piece of black silk, with a bit of crape on the edge. "I think it's a piece of Aunt Eliza's dress," I said; "she must have caught it when she fell. She had on a black silk dress."

"Is that all you see?" said Basil. "Do you see that button? Well, I've seen the dress; this scrap didn't come from the skirt; there are no buttons on the skirt; it must have come from the waist somewhere. The position of the button shows it did not come from the front of the waist; it is just tacked on to the crape in the middle. It must have come from the sleeve a little above the wrist, because—"

I interrupted him, crying: "I see what you're driving at. That's just where Aunt Eliza was bitten—"

"Where she wasn't bitten, you mean," said Basil. "This confounded nail has made all the mischief."

"Oh, ain't it a joke on Aunt Eliza, though?" said I, and in the relief and the revulsion of feeling I began to laugh. "Hurrah! Aunt Eliza won't die; and she'll let you marry Lyde, 'cause you found it out."

But Basil remained as unsmiling as the fence rails. "It would be all very well, that, with most people," said he, quietly; "but don't you know that when Mrs. Prescott takes a notion into her head, all the logic in the world won't change her? She is determined that she has hydrophobia, and that devilish Planchette has so turned her head that she won't listen to any sense. The doctor told her that he was sure that the dog wasn't mad, but it didn't affect her a particle. She said maybe he hadn't gone mad enough yet for his brain to show it, but he had gone mad enough to give the disease to other people, and she had it. She would say a piece of the sleeve had *blown* on to the nail, if *we* tried to reason with her. No, Rem; I tell you we shall have to try another dodge. You'll help me, won't you? And I know you know how to write with planchette."

"Rather," said I, grinning, for I saw that he was in the secret of those hints of Uncle Eldred's regarding the circus and like follies.

I went home with Basil, and spent the afternoon in his room. When I returned to our house in the evening, Basil went in first and saw mother. She came out to me flushed and excited, and kissed me tenderly, saying:

"Do you think you can do it, Rem? Oh, be careful, my boy."

"I'll try, ma," I answered, feeling rather shaky and solemn. Then a great basin of beef tea was given to me as a pretext for going, and I was sent over to Aunt Eliza's. She did not see general visitors now, but I had always been a favorite, and Lyde took me into her mother's room. It was so dimly lighted that I could only distinguish the outlines of the bed and a table near it on which were sheets of paper and a planchette. Aunt Eliza lay on the bed, looking very much as usual; but poor Lyde, who stood beside her, had cried herself to a shadow.

"Is it you, Rem?" said Aunt Eliza, in her old kind voice, which made a lump come into my throat. "I'm glad you've come. I have wondered why you didn't come sometimes. I wanted to see you again. And I'm feeling very comfortable this evening, tell your ma. To-morrow's your birthday, isn't it? I had Aunt Susannah bake a pound-cake for you. And here's a little box with something in it for to-morrow. I just got it ready. You needn't be afraid, dearie. I won't hurt you now."

"Oh, I ain't afraid," I stuttered, my heart beating like a trip-hammer. I took the box and went back to Lyde. She touched my hand a second. As she did so she slipped the end of a horse-hair into my palm. The other end I knew was on the planchette. I stood a little distance from the table, with my hands behind me.

Lyde went to the other side of the bed. All at once she uttered a loud exclamation: "Ma, do look! What's the matter with Planchette?"

Up and down the table careened the instrument of mystery. It must be confessed that its movements were awkward, but then in a single afternoon one can not learn all the possibilities of a horse-hair motor.

Aunt Eliza was not critical; the weird gyrations impressed her instantly. "Give it to me," she said; "it wants to write."

But Planchette declined flatly to write, bobbing out of her reach the instant she rested her fingers on the board.

"Let me try," said Lyde. Whereupon Planchette vaulted clean off the table and fell at my feet.

"It's Rem," said my aunt, solemnly. "I always said that it wrote better for him and Tim than for anybody else. There wasn't the least difficulty in reading their messages. Don't you remember how plain that one about the circus was? Try it, Rem."

I put the thing on the table. It was quiet enough now (good reason why). I laid my hands on it with the queerest feeling of the mingling of comedy and tragedy in the scene. "It's writing," I announced presently; "you'll have to open the blinds to read, though." As Lyde opened the blind of the window behind the bed, I could see Basil Ferris pacing his fast bays in his beach wagon up and down the street.

This is the message which Planchette wrote and Lyde read out loud: "Dear Eliza,—I am your brother Dan. Eldred can't come. He didn't write the messages which you have had. You have been deceived by false spirits. You have not got hydrophobia, not a bit of it. The dog did not bite you. You tore your arm on the nail in the fence. There is a piece of the dress on the nail now. Go and see. Brace up! you won't die."

Lyde's voice trembled so that she hardly could pronounce the words, and Aunt Eliza sat up in bed clutching the coverlet, her face paler than it was the day that she told me she was bitten.

"Fetch me the dress waist," she gasped—"the one I had on—you know."

"It's right in the closet, ma," said Lyde.

When it was brought, my aunt looked at the rent in the sleeve carefully before she turned to me and said: "I'm very much obliged, brother Dan. I'll go. Is there anything more?"

I kept my finger-tips on the planchette board for full five minutes, but it was quite motionless.

Aunt Eliza drew a long sigh. "Well, Dan, tell Eldred I thank him. He always was right. Remington, run out, honey. You look as white as a sheet. Tell Aunt Susannah to give you a glass of wine. And, Lyde, help me get up and dress myself; I'm going to look at that fence."

I was not particularly surprised a little later, as we all three sallied into the street, to see Basil's bays trotting toward the reddening west where the sun was setting.

"Oh, ma," said Lyde, "there's Mr. Ferris. If—if—"

"Basil—Basil Ferris!" called my aunt Eliza; "stop and take us in! Of course I'm not angry with him *now*, Lyde," she explained, while Basil eagerly approached us. "I was angry at his calling your pa's messages twaddle; but if they weren't your pa's, I think as likely as not they *were* twaddle. Thank you, Basil. Will you forgive an obstinate old woman who wants to be your mother-in-law?"

Basil caught his breath, and then—well, he just caught Aunt Eliza in his arms and kissed her.

He drove us to the field, and Aunt Eliza saw for herself the silk and crape on the nail. A small boy near walked away at our approach. That small boy, as I have learned since, had been on guard over the nail ever since Basil and I left it. Aunt Eliza was perfectly calm. She admitted at once that she had deceived herself, and going home talked of nothing but the details of Lyde's wedding, which she wished to prepare for at once; but when she was back home she sank into a chair and burst into tears.

"Oh, Lyde," she sobbed, "I'm glad to live, and I didn't want to go crazy and bite people; but

it *is* hard to think that it wasn't your pa writing to me all the time. I don't see how they can *let* the bad spirits perform so."

After this my aunt recovered speedily, nor has she ever had any return of her disorder. But it was not until very lately that Mrs. Ferris ventured to confess the truth about Planchette's prescription. One little part of the story I am sure that she never will tell her mother. Basil told it to me yesterday. I had praised the ingenuity of his treatment.

"But it was mighty lucky," I added, "that the silk happened to catch on the nail, and stay there."

"Well, as to that," said Basil, "I put that bit of silk there myself just before I took you over. Lyde tore it out of the sleeve for me."

"But how, then, did you know that she tore her arm on the nail—that the dog didn't bite her?"

"Oh, I didn't know," replied Ferris; "I don't know now."

OCTAVE THANET.

THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACES.

THE attempt to sail the first of the series of three races between the British cutter *Genesta* and the Boston sloop *Puritan*, as the champion of the New York Yacht Club, for the possession of the celebrated *America's* cup, was made, according to programme, September 7, and resulted in a failure to sail the race, but was the occasion of the most notable marine pageant that has ever been witnessed in this country. Indeed, it may be said that never in any country was there assembled such a number of yachts, steam and sail, and steamboats and tugs, as were collected within the radius of a mile from the *Scotland* light-ship on this occasion. One statistician averred that by actual count there were two hundred and seventeen vessels of all sorts within this circle of a mile. Perhaps some of them were, like the Irishman's pigs, counted twice; the HERRESHOFF *Stiletto*, for instance, might well have been, for she was constantly darting hither and thither, and seemed to be in four or five places at once. Whatever the exact number, however, there is no doubt but that it was larger than at either of the three previous aquatic displays—the *Cambria* race of 1870, the centennial celebration of Evacuation Day, or the reception to the *Isère* this summer.

Mr. BURNS'S picture gives an excellent representation of the scene at the start. The picture, however, does not suggest the neat little manœuvre by which Captain CARTER, of the *Genesta*, hoped to secure an advantage over the Boston sloop, and which failed only on account of the *Puritan's* headway, due to her weatherly position when the signal was given for crossing the line.

The given course was southeast; the committee boat was northeast from the light-ship; the line was from boat to ship. There is an interval of five minutes between the preparatory and the starting signals, and two minutes are given after the starting signal in which the boats may cross the line and be timed. If not across within that time, their time dates from the expiration of the two-minute limit, and they lose all the time beyond that.

At the preparatory signal upon this day the two yachts were upon the starboard tack, just to the northward of the committee boat. They both wore around at once, and came for the line on port tack, the *Puritan* well to windward. The *Genesta* made no effort to get to windward, but just sagged off with the apparent intention of crossing on the port tack close to the light-ship. Captain CARTER, however, had no intention of doing anything of the kind. He was nearer the line than his Yankee competitor, and expected to get there first, and just before he reached it he intended to tack, and come for it on the starboard tack, with right of way, meeting his antagonist upon the opposite reach, and forcing her to tack under his lee or go under his stern, thus playing the same game that he played on the next day with such disastrous results. It failed this time, because the American sloop, finding that she was overrunning her distance, had kept broad off when about four of the five minutes had elapsed, and was under full headway when the starting whistle was blown. She was at once brought to the wind, and dashed over the line, close to the committee boat, a good bit ahead of her competitor, who was obliged to execute his well-intentioned manœuvre without injury except to himself, incurring by it a handicap of thirty-seven seconds.

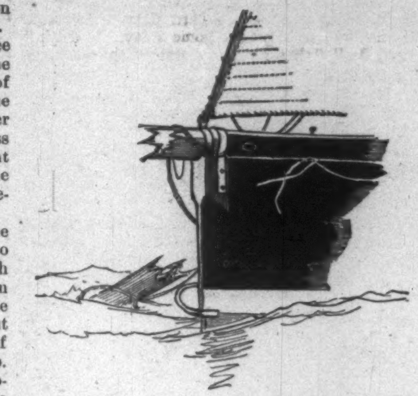
As soon as the *Genesta* tacked, the *Puritan* also went about, and the two began their race upon the starboard tack, side by side, the *Puritan* about four lengths on the *Genesta's* weather beam. This advantage was, to the astonishment of almost every spectator, constantly increased until seven o'clock in the evening, when the race was declared off, with the outer mark still three miles to windward.

It was *Genesta's* weather. There has never been a time since boats of this type were first introduced into this country when in a light air the cutter has not been able to beat the sloop. The performance of the *Oriva*, some years ago, in distancing the whole fleet of the New York Yacht Club in a passage from Glen Cove to New London, the victory of the *Bedouin* over the *Gracie* a couple of years ago, the victory of the three cutters, *Bedouin*, *Ileen*, and *Winona*, at Newport last year, and dozens of other instances, might be cited in proof of this.

No wonder Mr. FORBES threw up his hands in despair as the white sloop crossed the line, or that men who had bet upon the *Puritan* rushed frantically about trying to hedge. The race itself was one of the tamest on record. Not a rope was touched, not a sail changed, from start until the termination. There was nothing in it at all save a little attempt at jockeying on the part of the *Genesta*. Soon after the start she went about, and then, as soon as the *Puritan* had followed suit, the cutter again went around, and so did the *Puritan*. The game was based on the theory that the *Genesta* was the quicker in stays, and if she could induce her competitor to enter into a tacking match, she would in this way "scull" herself up to her. Alas for human calculation! the heavily weighted *Puritan* forereached beautifully in stays, and was farther to windward at the end of this little manœuvre than before.

Next day the attempt to race was renewed, and of all the attendant steamers of the previous day only three or four were present. The performance was soon over, and Mr. DAVIDSON'S picture on the front page tells the reason. The given course was south-southeast, and when the preparatory signal was given, or soon afterward, the two boats were reaching along to the northwest of the line upon the port tack, the *Genesta* a dozen lengths in advance, with the *Puritan* a point on her weather quarter. When about three of the five minutes had elapsed, the *Genesta* tacked. She now had the right of way to go whithersoever she chose. The *Puritan* had three courses open to her—she could bear up, go across the *Genesta's* stern, tack on her weather quarter, and follow her over the line; she could tack under the *Genesta's* lee, and go over the line blanketed by her; or, best of all—if it could be accomplished—she could reach across the *Genesta's* bow, tack to windward of, and blanket her.

The right way was the first named, and this Captain CROCKER first intended to take, and kept his yacht off. Some of the gentlemen on board advised against this, and the yacht was brought to again. The little swing off had been fatal, and Captain CROCKER saw that there was a doubt of weathering, and now it was too late to keep off. To have attempted it would have endangered the *Genesta*. So then he resolved to tack as the only alternative, and the yacht was brought to the wind, and as she came to she made such a wide space betwixt herself and the *Genesta* that the advice was, "Don't tack; you can weather her." And once more Captain CROCKER yielded his own judgment to that of his owners, and kept on. She very nearly got across the bow. The bowsprit of the *Genesta* came through the mainsail just forward of the clew and close above the boom. The *Puritan* rose on a swell as the *Genesta* fell, and the boom, lifting the bowsprit, broke it off. But for this the leech rope of the sail would have parted, the boats would have gone clear of each other, and the *Genesta* would have sailed triumphantly over the line, leaving the *Puritan* with her mainsail fluttering and its leech rope parted. The result, in that case, would not have been doubtful.



The *Puritan* clearly was at fault; the committee skillfully avoided all future protest by promptly ruling her out, and gave the *Genesta* the option of going over the course. Her owner refused it, and has gained a world-wide reputation for magnanimity and true sportsman-like conduct, that is worth to him the cost of a dozen bowsprits; and so all's well that ends well. The gentlemen on board of the *Puritan* will henceforth be more mindful of the fate of "Jimmy Shaw of Gloucester, the man that was hanged because he didn't mind his own business," and of the forecastle apothegm that "no ship is large enough for two captains."

The wind increased to a good whole-sail breeze; in twenty minutes after the start Captain CARTER would have had a spinnaker-boom out forward and a jib-topsail set for a jib. This would have been all necessary head-sail for the beat out, and for the run home no head-sail would have been required. It is not too much to say that, as things turned out, the *Genesta* would certainly on that day have made the passage in six hours.

On Friday, the 11th, everything was in order again. The breeze was fresh from east-northeast at the start, "with quite a bubble of a sea." The sea remained, but the breeze gradually died away; and before the twenty miles to windward had been covered it was plain that the race could not be made within the required seven hours. The *Genesta*, however, proved herself a very fast boat. She went through the water much faster than the *Puritan*, though not pointing up quite so close, and, starting seven seconds behind, crossed the bow of the Boston sloop an hour later, when the first tack was made. This lead is attributed, however, by many of the witnesses to an error of judgment by which the *Puritan* was kept too close to the wind; and they point to the fact that as soon as she was given a "good full" she went through the *Genesta's* lee at a great pace. From that time on the *Puritan* was not headed, and turned the mark boat two miles ahead. So ended the third ineffectual attempt to sail the first of the three races.

THE SCOUTS.

To strike the enemy in his own camp, to carry the war into Africa, is to give the Indian the *coup de grace*. The accomplishment of this is an exceedingly difficult task, and in Indian warfare by no means of common occurrence. It rarely happens that when a tribe is in conflict with the United States forces that their fighting men are to be found in their camps, as the bucks are on the war-path. Generally the occupants of the tepees are the women, the children, with a certain number of old men. In former years a direct attack on an encampment was of more frequent occurrence than it is to-day. Still, whenever it is possible, nothing seems to break the spirit of the Indian more than the surprise of his camp. The Indian himself is the wariest of scouts, and unless he believes that his tepees are in a perfectly secure section of the country, he is ever on the watch. When the Indian fights he may have some vague idea of strategic positions, but none in regard to the location of his wigwams. Generally the skin-covered tents are pitched in the plain near water, and the Indian likes to have some elevation near, from whence his scouts can scan the country around.

To strike, then, an Indian encampment is considered among those adventurous spirits who act as scouts for the United States flying columns as something to be particularly proud about. It is an achievement only possible with four or five men at the utmost. The trails converging in one direction assure the scouts of a common centre. Then, foot by foot, the scouts slowly worm their way along, taking advantage of every method of concealment. It is a question of outwitting the most subtle of foes. Through the high grass heads are slowly lifted. Horses are left behind if there is no cover. Indian dogs sometimes wander at some distance from the camp, and their barking would at once give the alarm. At last, from a bluff, a friendly Indian scout sights the enemy's camp. His eyes are good, and at once he estimates the number of people, and whether the men are present or not. By means of his glass, one of the officers who has accompanied the scouts obtains more particular details. The best method of approach, how the attack is to be made, is at once determined by him. Everything will depend on the nature of the ground and the final dash. Communication is opened with the column, some ten miles or more distant. With rare exceptions the attack in force is made either during the night or at daybreak.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A NEWSPAPER paragraph calls a citizen of New Orleans a New-Orleansian. That sounds awkward, though it seems probable that nothing could be done which would be much better. It would not do to say New-Orleanser, though one may say New-Yorker, and no other termination suggests itself that would be a quite euphonious fit. New-Orleansian, of course, is not so pleasant as Bostonian, particularly if you seek to preserve the accent on the first syllable of the Orleans, as New Orleans people themselves naturally would do. It is one of those cases that analogy does not seem to help much, and a fair presumption appears to be that the New Orleans citizen ought to remain unabbreviated, like the citizen of Providence or the inhabitant of Kalamazoo.

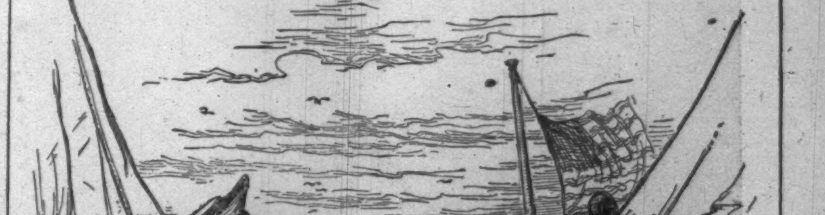
In the matter of large and improbable allegation concerning rattlesnakes and trout, the West for a long time has known but one superior, and has even risen occasionally almost to the height of unscrupulousness which has been touched by Pike County, Pennsylvania, alone. Recently, however, New England and the South have taken to doing a little something in this line, and on the same day New Hampshire announces a trout weighing twenty-eight and one-half pounds and Georgia makes known to the world a rattlesnake thirty feet long, with one hundred and thirty-two rattles and several "buttons," and fangs six inches in length.

One of the late tornadoes which operated in the South passed into the terrapin district, and ten thousand of those stewable and delicious creatures, about four thousand dollars' worth, a report says, were blown away from four farms. They must have added considerable picturesqueness to the tornado: a violently moving wall of wind, buttressed with terrapin, is an exciting and unusual sight, even to those accustomed to phenomenal disturbances of nature. The report adds, "All the returns are not in," from which it is to be inferred that some of the terrapin survived the tornado, and as soon as practicable sought again those fastnesses of gentle slavery in which they had been pleasantly growing fat.

A report from Washington says that a chart prepared in the Forestry Division of the Agricultural Department shows that the United States contain 445,000,000 acres of forest, and that the forests are disappearing at the rate of 25,000,000 acres a year—a rate that, supposing there were no renewal, would leave the country quite bald at the end of a little less than eighteen years.

"The potential energy of one pound of gunpowder is as nearly as possible one-tenth of that of one pound of coal." That is an allegation of science made in the course of some remarks concerning the comparative amount of "potential energy" which attaches to a number of varied substances. The meaning which scientific persons accord to language is not always the meaning which language has in the lay mind. For instance, it seems to the uninspired observer that inasmuch as a man will comfortably cock his feet against a stove holding twenty pounds of coal which is in the act of giving off its energy, whereas, if a single pound of gunpowder were to be added to the contents of the stove, the man would be blown through the roof forthwith, the potential energy of gunpowder is far greater than that of coal. To the lay mind there probably would not occur a better definition of "potential energy" than "something which would blow you through the roof." But science has for the term a different meaning, not quite plain, indeed, but which may be broadly rendered "something pleasant to toast the shins by."

"The Americans," says the London *Times*, "who seem rather fond of trying the supposed impossible, first began to experiment on dynamite missiles, and an officer of the American navy contrived what may be called a colossal air-gun, in which the shell charged with dynamite might be started on its flight with an easy but accelerating motion, avoiding the shock so certainly productive of premature explosion, and obtaining by a high air pressure through a long bore the velocity requisite." But while the officer was developing his scheme "one of the more characteristic practical inventors" attacked the problem from the other side, and instead of making his propelling force more elastic, gave the elasticity to his missile by providing it with a wad or cushion of caoutchouc, so that "a shell fired from an ordinary battery gun, and carrying eleven pounds of dynamite, striking a ledge of gneiss, which formed the target, blew out a cavity twenty feet in diameter and six feet deep." From this the *Times* concludes that it may shortly be shown possible to throw a shell carrying one hundred pounds of dynamite from one of the heavy guns now in use, in which case the *Inflexible* and the other ironclads like her will have to go, leaving the bombardments of the Alexandrias of the future to be accomplished by less ponderous means.



A LESSON WORTH LEARNING.

J. BULL. "We want a race; we don't want a walk over."

A TORNADO IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—DRAWN BY JULIAN RIX.—[SEE PAGE 619.]

HALF-WAY.*

AN ANGLO-FRENCH ROMANCE.

CHAPTER III.

A WAY-SIDE MEPHISTOPHELES.

ODDLY enough, at precisely the same hour, a similar scene was being enacted in another part of the hotel.

Whilst Nurse Brindle was endeavoring to wrest her young mistress from the spiritual world drawing her toward it as a magnet, a much more worldly yet equally disinterested adviser was trying to win back another aspirant after heavenly beatitudes to common earth. Camma's old playmate, Millison Methold, was not resting as she fondly hoped. The doctors had administered a sleep-inducing potion on putting their patient to bed, but toward midnight the spell ceased to work. The young man—for he was only twenty-two—awoke suddenly out of the deep, heavy sleep of sedatives, all alertness and feverish mental activity. For a moment he glared round the dimly lighted chamber, bewildered. Then the events of the last twenty-four hours gradually came back to him; the arrival at this busy, beautiful French city the day before; the ride amid the vineyards; the return by the stony high-road; the unexplained vertigo and fall from his horse. How and why he had become giddy and fallen he could not explain; the descent was certainly rapid and stony, the beast not very strong in the knees, and he must have slipped, and so thrown him unawares. Perhaps the glare of that hot French sun accounted for his own faintness.

He raised himself in his bed with some difficulty, and looked about him a little as if in search of an especial object. Soon his eye fell upon a portmanteau at the opposite end of the room, and he began to wonder if he could anyhow get at it.

Just then the door was tapped very lightly, and the man-servant watching in the adjoining room entered on tiptoe. "Are you in want of anything, sir?" he asked. "I am here on purpose to wait upon you."

Nothing sooner opens the mind to confidence than a first solitude in a foreign land. Young Methold, finding himself impelled to talk of his own affairs, naturally had recourse to the only pair of ears available. Had he been entirely master of himself, he would most likely have shown greater reticence. The isolation of the last few days had forced him back upon his own thoughts till they were no longer bearable, and bodily helplessness mingled with the isolation of illness now made him flee for refuge to the sympathy of others.

He might have lighted upon a worse confidant than this amiable, vivacious Frenchman. True son of Gaul, the poor man having been forbidden to indulge in sleep, now hailed the prospect of a little talk with alacrity. To his thinking, moreover, the first duty of a sick-nurse was to distract a patient.

"I am not really ill, you know," began Millison.

"And if you were, sir, a small misfortune that! I have wished all my life to be ill, so as not to have to run about from morning till night. But I keep well," he added, with a sigh.

Young Methold laughed.

"Could you not contrive to break a leg?" he asked.

"Ah, that might look like tempting Providence. I won't say, though, that I have not been purposely awkward with the carving-knife. But my blood is in such a healthy state if I were to cut myself in halves, the two pieces would mend as neatly as a china plate."

Again Methold laughed.

"I don't really want any one to sit up with me. Why are you here?" he asked.

"You see, sir, you have hurt your side, and must not jump about. Now if the hotel were to catch fire, I should just shoulder you in a twinkling, and would run along the roof as one monkey carrying another."

"I suppose the hotel doesn't often catch fire?" Millison asked, extremely diverted.

"Not often, sir. But what has that to do with it? A man may not marry till he is sixty, and then become a widower three times over."

"Are you married?" asked the youth, in an altered tone.

"I hope so, sir. Look you, a man is worth nothing unless he is married. And England, too, is the country of good husbands and fathers. So folks say. Married am I, the Lord be praised! and a father am I—no prouder one in this city."

"Then you have a good wife, and love her?"

"Sir, good is not the word, and love is not the word. There isn't such a woman as my Fanny in the whole department. She is an angel. I adore her. Look at my shirt front! She irons it and gets it up as if I were a grand seigneur."

Millison mused. His thoughts had gone off upon another track. His eyes sought his portmanteau.

"What is your name?" he said.

"Anatole, if you please, sir. Anatole Armand, at your service."

"Then, Anatole, just open that portmanteau for me, and get out the clothes at the top. I want to try them on."

"Had you not better take your medicine now and try to sleep? We can see about the clothes to-morrow," Anatole said, coaxingly.

"I will take the medicine and go to sleep, I promise you, the moment I have done what I say."

A deep blush overspread the youth's pale face as he went on, thinking, all the while, what matters it to this man what I am going to do? He will be the richer for my visit, and the rest is no concern of his.

So he said, with affected indifference, "I am going to Rome to study for the priesthood."

"I dare say you might do better, very likely, and you might do worse," answered Anatole. The quick-witted fellow had not lived a dozen years in hotels for nothing. He now put two and two together, and divined pretty clearly how matters stood. This well-favored, evidently high-spirited and rich young Englishman, was one of the recent converts to Rome talked of in the papers.

"And I want to find out how one feels in priest's clothes. Just come here, then, and help me into them for a moment."

Millison now, with rather a painful effort, sat upright on the bed, whilst Anatole briskly enough set about fulfilling his behest. First of all he drew forth a pair of long black cotton stockings. "A very nice fit indeed," he said, as he adjusted them to the young man's shapely legs. "There is doubtless virtue in the black stockings, though wiser heads than mine have been the first to find it out. Does the foot of a man think for him, devise ill for him, lead him into Satan's traps unawares? Are we to be in terror of these blind machines that carry us?"

Millison Methold contemplated his feet, thus translated, with a strange expression made up of mingled ecstasy and shrinking.

"You do not think that the priesthood makes men better, then?" he asked.

Anatole's nimble fingers were busy with the remaining garments.

"Sir, what business has a poor devil like myself, jack-of-all-trades in a hotel, to think at all? I just look at those black stockings and wonder, as my little Jean might do, if He who made us really cares a straw what we put on our feet, so long as we make them carry us where we ought to go."

"You are nevertheless a Catholic, I presume?" asked Millison.

"Born and bred, sir—no stancher in the whole town. But who ever really understood his own religion any more than his own wife? Why, for instance," and as he spoke he slipped the black priestly robe over the youth's slender figure with marvellous dexterity—"why, now, is a dress like this to transmogrify you or any other of woman born in a twinkling into a saint? Of course you think so, or you would never put it on."

"Should I not?" asked Millison, dreamily. "Is the layman so much happier than the priest, think you?"

"As I said, sir, just now, I do not think, I merely say what it seems to me must come into the head of a child—or a jackass. To take this dress, now. Is this poor trunk of ours, clothe it as we may, the understanding part of a man? Must we not go higher up, to the crown of a man's head, to get at the demon or saint that is in him? The little thinking we do is done there, not in the feet, certainly much less in the stomach. But clap what you will on the skull, now, be it a soldier's képi, a king's crown, or a cardinal's hat, is the wearer straightway filled with sageness, kingliness, or sanctity? If so, we still live in an age of miracles."

"You do not, then, hold the priesthood in much esteem?" asked Millison.

"Quite the contrary, sir. I take off my hat whenever I meet a priest; methinks here is a poor sinful brother like myself, from whom we are taught to expect the godliness of St. Paul. But you are not quite a priest to look at yet. The girdle is needed to make all complete."

The young man, however, made a sign to him to lay it aside.

"I do not think I can sit up any longer," he said.

Quick as lightning the Frenchman now took off the garments one by one, and began to disguise himself.

"You shall look at me, then; I will show you how you will appear and behave as soon as you are really a priest, a poor make-believe St. Paul," he replied, adding, "One of my own brothers is an abbé; we have often exchanged costumes by way of distraction in the long winter evenings at home."

Millison once more rested comfortably on the pillows as he watched the little pantomime in silence.

"Here I am, then," began the actor—"we will suppose taking an airing in the Park one fine summer evening. Breviary in hand, of course; I must never be without that to keep my eyes fixed on should any pretty girl pass by. Here comes one, sure enough—cheeks like a cherry, eyelashes soft as silk, dove's eyes. Now is there any harm in a glance that way? May not the sight of a youthful, innocent face like hers do my heart more good than half a dozen words printed in black and white I have scanned thousands of times before?"

"You think falling in love and marrying is the best happiness for a man, after all?" asked Millison.

"Sir, you would puzzle all the lawyers in France. I do not pretend to answer you; I put myself in the place of a poor young ignorant priest, and just think as he does."

He now, with a very ready power of mimicry, entirely changed both attitude and mien. Millison no longer saw before him the young rustic abbé in the city promenade, downcast and abashed before a beautiful woman. In his place was an animated, self-asserting preacher declaiming from the pulpit.

"Here I am again," continued his Mephistopheles, "and more puzzled than before. What am I to the greater part of my congregation? A mere babe and suckling; yet men and women, gentle and simple, all are bound to listen to me as if I were John of Patmos himself. And why? Just because I wear a petticoat instead of a pantaloon. So I preach away, wondering where the delusion is, for, sure enough, delusion there must be somewhere."

Adroitly as before, he threw himself into a new pose, and put on yet another and a far subtler expression. The whole scene became real and vivid to Millison Methold in a moment. That stooping, keenly listening, ingratiating pose could not be misinterpreted. It was the priest in the confessional. "And here I am once more," began Anatole. "If puzzled before, a perfect mizmaze now. This woman here, she is, as far as I can judge, about the age of my own good mother—whom Heaven bless!—and herself a wife and mother also. She has known the world and life for fifty years or more; I am a bumpkin of twenty-three, fresh from the seminary, and about as wise as an oyster let out of its shell. Why should not the poor soul betake herself to the first chimney-sweep she meets for edification sooner than to the like of me? Because I have the crown of my head shaven, I suppose, and he has not—a good reason, no doubt, if I could but see it."

"You do not feel comforted after confessing your sins?" Millison asked.

"Pardon, young sir, I said no such thing. But when I go into the heart of the matter I feel as puzzled as a countryman at a conjurer's table. It seems to me that it would be better to try to have no sins to confess, seeing we have to go to poor sinners like ourselves upon the business."

"Of course, if human beings were perfect, they would stand in need of no religion at all," replied the young seeker after truth.

"Well, priests must live, like other people. That is perhaps why things are as they are," mused Mephistopheles. "But—Lord help us! there comes the doctor or some one to look after us."

True enough, a light was seen traversing the covered way leading from the hotel to the chalet. Quicker than thought the priestly lendings were discarded and hidden under Millison's travelling rug. When the doctor, who happened to have another case in the hotel just then, glanced in, he found everything quiet. The watcher, wearing the usual garb of a chamber-man, sat still as a mouse. The patient stirred not in his bed. All was evidently as it should be.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEAN AND AUBREY.

INEFFABLE first days in France! What pen can portray them, what careless memory let them go? The brightness of the South is there, the sparkle of perpetual youth irradiates, we drop our every-day burden of care, and lose our Northern habit of gloom on French soil, whether we will or no. France, the Ariel of nations, by her gayety and sprightliness alone keeps the sober, work-a-day world from black melancholy that would otherwise bring the nineteenth century to universal suicide.

Nurse Brindle and Camma Joye descended to the airy, span-new salon in animated spirits, despite Millison's illness. The first sight of a French breakfast table was so captivating, the first glimpse of foreign life so full of absorbing interest to both, that they could not dwell on the serious aspect of anything just then.

"Well, nurse, how did you sleep?" asked Camma. "And confess, now, were you ever in so luxurious a bed in your life?"

"Oh, Miss Camma! What right have sinners like us to sleep in such beds? No wonder French people don't think overmuch of their souls!"

"But, Brinney, the lumpishness of a bed makes you think of your body. Depend on it, the French are right. Truly religious people will always have comfortable beds. Well, this breakfast room. Did you ever see in the Butter Market at Ipswich such a display of fruit? And what fruit! I really feel as if I had never so much as tasted a real pear or plum in my life before, and not ever seen a ripe fig or a bunch of grapes."

"We could grow them fast enough if we had but the sun," Mrs. Brindle made reply, with an air of superiority.

"But we never shall have the sun. That is the point."

"We have done without it so far. What we have not, we must go without," was Ann's rejoinder.

"No, nursie. I do not see the force of that argument. We can not get ripe figs or grapes in Suffolk, but we can come to France for them. Then do taste this honey. It has a dozen exquisite flavors," Camma said, smacking her pretty lips and helping Ann to some honey.

Nurse Brindle shook her head. "The bees are every bit as crafty as ourselves. They know where they are best off. Self, Miss Camma—self rules the world, brute beasts and all."

"I am sure if I were a bee I should do the same and stay in France. Why should not people like to be well off as well as bees?" asked Camma.

"Ah, Miss Camma, darling! there is something better than good fortune."

"That does not hinder good-fortune from being a good thing," Camma said, quickly. Then they went on with their breakfast, every stage of which seemed an event in the eyes of the two novices. Ann's glances as well as Camma's were directed curiously from one group of travellers to another. Each physiognomy, each little circumstance, interested. Even the very waiters seemed beings peculiarly, almost superhumanly, endowed to these observers unversed in the psychology of waiters. Their nimbleness, their amiability, their capacity for being in half a dozen places at once—at least of appearing to be so—filled the artless minds of Camma and Nurse Brindle with alternate admiration and amazement. The variety of costume afforded equal entertainment. The artistic finish of a French woman's dress, unattainable to others of their sex, makes it appear a costume in the eyes of the uninitiated. Then the officers in their varied uniforms, swords clattering, stars a-glitter, every one, from the lieutenant to the general, jaunty and ebullient, as if fresh from some brilliant campaign; by way of a foil to them, the sombre-robed priests gliding to their places with those sinuous, serpentine movements permitted by their dress; and last, but not least, the little group of English folks, looking for all the world, as Ann said, like English folks, though they were in France—all these impressions made that first breakfast unique and unforgetable.

"Does it not strike you, Ann," Camma asked, "that French people are much better looking than we English are?"

"Oh, Miss Camma, darling!" cried Mrs. Brindle, quite scandalized at the bare suggestion, "I was that very moment thinking to myself that there isn't a pair of red cheeks in the whole room."

"But, nurse, are red cheeks in themselves beautiful? Just glance round you. I can not discover, nor, I think, can you, a single French person with irregular features."

"If you come to a measuring tape, miss, I've nothing to say. My notion of a good nose is one you can see without looking for it."

"Well, we can generally see a nose, whether it be straight or crooked—if we have eyes, I mean—and if straight, so much the better. But chins, now. French chins are so much better finished off than ours as a rule. Do you not really think so?"

"I won't contradict, miss," Ann replied. "If they have better chins, the worse for them; that is all I can say."

"Why so, Ann? Is it not always pleasant to feel one's self good-looking?"

"It might be. If no Tempter stood behind the looking-glass."

"We must drive the Tempter away, then. And just think, if every living soul in the world were handsome, no one could be vain. But we seem to have finished breakfast. I suppose I ought not to see poor Millison?"

Ann was about to reply when she suddenly caught sight of two figures by the doorway, and whispered in a voice of extreme surprise, almost of alarm,

"As true as I live, miss, the Dean and Mr. Aubrey!"

Camma glanced that way too. Yes, Nurse Brindle was right. There were not two Dean Metholds nor two Aubrey Sheldrakes in the world, large as it was. They had followed them—they were here. Her mind, crystal clear and incapable of double-dealing or shiftiness in the least little thing, was made up at once. She would not endeavor to hide herself, much less use tergiversation upon the subject of her own movements or Millison's. But she could not see these intruders now. She must have time to collect her thoughts and prepare herself for the meeting. Putting her hand within Nurse Brindle's arm, she led her through a side door into the corridor. Then they hastened in silence to their own rooms.

"I am very sorry," began Camma, looking ready to cry. "They have come to take us home—to try to persuade us to go home, I mean. As if people were ever persuaded against their wills! We shall only be more decided than ever to go on."

"Who would ever have dreamed of seeing Suffolk folk in France?" ejaculated Mrs. Brindle, evidently under the spell of cruel disenchantment. To her thinking, until this rude surprise, France was as remote and inaccessible from her native canton and daily haunts as the moon. True enough she had got to the moon herself, but it was the moon nevertheless.

"France!" cried Camma. "We should find them if we went to Timbuctoo or the North Pole. And Aubrey too! I am sure, Brinney dear, there is no escape from *him!*"

"Well, darling," Ann said, soothingly, for she saw that the girl's cheeks were aflame, and her eyes bright with angry tears, "there are fifty-two Sundays in the year, and each Sunday must have its sermon."

"Wise old Brinney," Camma cried, starting up from her chair and kissing her nurse. "How foolish of me to cry! You and I have no sermons to preach, and can stay in France all our lives. But they must go back. They must go back," she added, with wild exhilaration.

"Not but that I think a few sermons might do good here," Ann observed; "I am sure, Miss Camma, some dreadful doom hangs over the French nation. The people are so merry, so contented with their lot."

"But, nursie, to be cheerful and contented with one's lot is true religion. Even the New Testament says so. No, be sure, nothing more dreadful will happen to France than to other countries. We all have our ups and downs, as history teaches."

She reflected for a few minutes, and then said, with prompt decision:

"This is what we had better do. I will stay in my room in order to receive the Dean and Aubrey; meantime, you go and see our dear Millison."

Once more she pondered, adding:

"If he asks after me, you must, of course, say I am here. But say as little as you can."

"Never fear, Miss Camma; I have not lived all these years without teaching my tongue to mind a finger-post here and there."

"And the waiters speak English, Brinney; you will be able to get anything you want for Millison."

"And if they spoke nothing but Hottentot, miss, have I not fingers to make signs with? I'll be bound I could make myself understood were I among people whose words are a yard long."

"Well, Ann, French words are not a yard long. You might learn a few of them and save yourself a deal of trouble."

"No foreign jargon for me, Miss Camma, thank you."

"Now, nursie, French as spoken by educated folks is a more elegant language than English.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1499.

It really is; and not only more elegant, but more pleasing to the ear. However, do not let us talk any more; I am longing to hear your report of poor Millison."

She rang for a waiter, begged him to conduct Mrs. Brindle to Mr. Methold's room, then shut herself in, trying to prepare for the coming interviews with the Dean and Aubrey.

Poor Camma! As she waited thus, every moment expecting the dreadful knock that should announce the pair, all the sparkle and rosiness vanished from her face. She looked out of the windows on the cheerful, bustling streets, and yet felt none the more in France.

Why had they come? Oh, why had they come!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FARMER AND WHEEL; OR, THE NEW LOCHINVAR.*

By WILL CARLETON.

I.

I was hoeing in my corn field, on a spring day, just at noon,
And a-hearkin' in my stomach for the dinner-trumpet's tune,
And reflectin', when my daughter should be married, 'twould be best
She should take Josiah Baker's son, who joins me on the west,
And consolidate our acres into one immense abode,
When my hired man says, "By ginger, look a-yender down the road!"

"Well," I says, "my goodness gracious! things *is* rather overgrown,
When a buggy wheel gets loosened and goes runnin' 'round alone."
But my man he says, "By ginger!" (as the critter nearer came)
Don't you see that there's a feller on a-straddle of the same?"
An' it *was* as nice a shaver as you'd see 'most any day,
Who was travellin' through the country in that onexpected way.

He was rather young an' han'some, an' as smilin' as you please,
An' his pants they signed a contract with his stockin's at the knees;
An' he had a pair o' treadles some'at underneath his seat,
So's to run the queer contraption by a-workin' of his feet;
An' the sun descended on it in a manner warm an' bright:
'Twas as sing'lar as a circus, and an interestin' sight.

When, as fate was bound to have it, on that quite partic'lar morn,
There was somethin' was the matter with my folks's dinner-horn;
And the hired girl, when she tried to, couldn't blow it very well,
For to call us in to dinner—so she sent my daughter Belle,
Who came up just at that minute—nice a girl as could be found;
An' this fellow looked her over, an' came smashin' to the ground.

Smash to bang he came a-floppin'—wheel an' stockin's, pants an' all;
An' I run to him, remarkin', "You have caught a dreadful fall."
An' my daughter hovered round him, tremblin' with her she-alarms,
Lookin' just as if she'd like to some'at take him in her arms;
But he glanced up, faintly smilin', and he gasp-in'ly replied,
"I am only hurt intern'lly" (which I s'pose he meant inside).

And we packed him on the stone-boat, an' then drove him to the house,
An' he lay there on the sofa, still an' quiet as a mouse;
An' he would not have a doctor; but he called my daughter Belle,
An' then laughed an' chatted with her, like a person gettin' well;
An' along late in the evenin', I suppose, he went away;
For he wasn't there next mornin', an' Belle hadn't a word to say.

An' he left two silver dollars in an easy-noticed spot,
For to pay us for his passage on the stone-boat, like as not;
An' 'twas quite enough equivalent for his transitory stay;
But whate'er he might have left us, still he carried more away;
For my daughter Belle grew absent, glanced at every sound she heard,
And Josiah Baker, Junior, couldn't get a civil word.

II.

I was workin' in my meadow, on a blazin' summer's day,
When my son-in-law by contract came a-runnin' 'cross the way,
And remarked, "It's been the bargain—for how long I needn't tell—
That these two farms should be married—as should also me an' Belle;
An' how much the indications indicate that that 'll be,
If you'll come down here a minute, you will have a chance to see."

An' he led me 'cross the fallow, underneath some picnic trees,
Where my gal an' that wheel fellow sat as cozy as you please;
An' she'd put some flowers an' ribbons on the wheel, to make a show,
An' they'd been a-shakin' hands there, an' forgotten to let go;
An' she sort o' made a chair-back of the fellow's other arm,
With no 'parent recollection of Josiah Baker's farm.

Then we walked around front of 'em, an' I says, "You're very fine;
But this gal that you are courtin' is Josiah's gal and mine;
You're a mighty breechy critter, and are trespassin' all round;
Why, this very grove you sit in is Josiah's father's ground."
Then he rose up, stiff an' civil, an' helped Belle across the stile,
Also put the masheen over, with a queer but quiet smile;

And he stood there like a colonel, with her tremblin' on his arm,
And remarked: "I beg your pardon, if I've done you any harm.
But so far as 'trespass' matters, I've relieved you of that load,
Since the place I now am standing is, I think, the public road.
And this very sweet young lady, you in one sense yours may call,
But she's mine, sir, in another—and Josiah's not at all.

"I'll escort this lady home, sir, leave my wheel here in your care,
And come back in fifteen minutes to arrange the whole affair.
And please do not touch the 'cycle'—'tis as yet without a flaw,
And I do not want a quarrel with my future father-in-law;
If this Mr. Baker junior follows up his glances, though,
With his fingers, I will thrash him till he thinks his cake is dough."

Then he left us both suspectin' that he'd rather got the start,
And the acres of the daddies seemed increas-in'ly apart;
An' we didn't wait to see him; but, with one impatient jerk,
We shook our heads in concert, an' went back unto our work;
An' I couldn't help reflectin', "He is steady like, an' cool,
An' that wheel may be a folly, but it didn't bring a fool."

III.

I was on my stoop a-restin', on a hazy autumn day,
Rather drowsy from a dinner that had just been stowed away,
And regrettin', when old Baker's an' my home-stead j'ined in one,
That he wasn't to furnish daughter, an' I wasn't to furnish son,
So's to have my name continued, 'stead of let-tin' it go down,
When Josiah Baker, Junior, came a-drivin' home from town.

And a little ways behind him came that wheel scamp, ridin' hard,
And they both to once alighted, an' come walk-in' through the yard;
When, as fate was bound to have it, also came my daughter Belle
From a visit in some neighbor's, lookin' very sweet an' well;
An' they stood there all together—that 'ere strange, dissimilar three,
An' remained in one position—lookin' steady down at me.

Then Josiah spoke up loudly, in a kind o' sud-den pet,
"If this gal an' I's to marry, it is time the day was set!
For that one-wheel feller's always 'round here courtin', on the fly,
An' they say she rides out with him, in the night-time, on the sly;
Father'll give us board an' victuals, you can give her land an' dower,
Wherefore, if she wants to have me, please to set the day an' hour."

Then the wheel scamp spoke up quiet, but as if the words he meant:
"*I* would like to wed your daughter, an' have come for your consent.
She is very dear to me, sir, when we walk or when we ride;
And, I think, is not unwilling to become my cherished bride.
I can give her love and honor, and I ask of you no dower;
Wherefore, please bestow your blessing; *we* have set the day and hour."

Then I might have told my daughter that *she* now could have the floor,
And remarked that on this question there should be just one speech more;
But I rendered my decision in a flame of righteous rage,
And I shouted, "You'd no business for to court or to engage!
This 'ere gal has long been spoke for; an' you'll please to clamber on
Your old hind-wheel of a buggy, an' for evermore be gone!"

Then he picked up Belle quite sudden, an' made swiftly for the gate,
An' I formed a move to stop 'em, but was most perplexin' late;
He had fixed a small side-saddle on his ever-lastin' wheel,
So that she could ride behind him (clingin' 'round him a good deal);
An' straight down the Beebe turnpike like a pair o' birds they flew
Toward a preacher's, who had married almost every one he knew.

"Stop 'em! head 'em! chase 'em! catch 'em!" I commanded, very vexed;
"They'll be hustlin' off our daughters on a streak o' lightnin', next!"
An' we took Josiah's wagon, an' his old gray spavined mare,
An' proceeded for to chase 'em, with no extra time to spare;
An' Josiah whipped an' shouted—it was such a dismal pinch—
An' kept just so far behind 'em, but we couldn't gain an inch!

Down the turnpike road we rattled; an' some fellows loudly cried:
"Go it, Baker, or you'll lose her! Ten to one upon the bride!"
An' I fumed an' yelled an' whistled, an' commanded them to halt,
An' the fact we couldn't catch 'em wasn't Josiah Baker's fault;
But he murmured, "I am makin' father's mare into a wreck,
Just to see my gal a-huggin' round another feller's neck!"

An' they rushed into that preacher's, maybe twenty rods ahead,
An' before I reached the altar, all their marriage vows was said;
And I smashed in wildly, just as they was let-tin' go o' han's,
An' remarked, in tones of sternness, "I hereby forbid the banns!"
While Josiah Baker, Junior, close behind me meekly came,
Saying, "Were my father present, he would doubtless do the same."

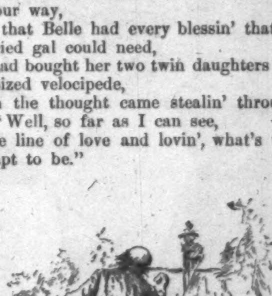
But they turned to me a-smilin', an' she hang-in' on his arm,
An' he said: "I beg your pardon; let Josiah have the farm.
We've accomplished the sweet object for which we so long have striven,
And, as usual in such cases, are prepared to be forgiven."
An' the whole thing seemed so funny, when I thought of it awhile,
That I looked 'em both all over, an' then blessed 'em, with a smile.

Then Josiah Baker, Junior, took his spavined mare for home,
And 'twas difficult decidin' which indulged the most in foam;
And he said, "I'll drive alone, sir, if the same you do not mind;
An' your son an' daughter Wheeler maybe'll take you up behind."
An' he yelled, while disappearing, with a large smile on his mouth,
"I kin git a gal whose father jines my father on the south!"

IV.

I was workin' in my wood-house, on a snowy winter day,
And reflectin' on a letter that had lately come our way,
How that Belle had every blessin' that a married gal could need,
An' had bought her two twin daughters a small-sized velocipede,
When the thought came stealin' through me, "Well, so far as I can see,
In the line of love and lovin', what's to be is apt to be."

* From *City Ballads*. By WILL CARLETON. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1886.



CHASING THE BICYCLE.

TORNADOES.

THE encroachment upon comparatively eastern territory by the tornado, or cyclone, as it is more commonly called, of September 8, which devastated the town of Washington Court House, in Fayette County, Ohio, brings the very interesting subject of wind-storms home in a way that seems to demand most respectful attention. The "cyclone district" has not heretofore been supposed to extend either so far south or east as that portion of Ohio which was the other day visited; and the unfortunate inhabitants of the little town that most bitterly felt its force were, it is safe to say, quite as thoroughly unprepared for anything of the sort as are to-day the people of this city or of Brooklyn.

In certain portions of Nebraska and Iowa the inhabitants have learned, if not exactly to look for cyclones or tornadoes, how in a measure to look out for them. In the vicinity of the city of Omaha, which has come to be regarded as a head-centre of violent wind-storms, most prudent persons occupying farm-houses and ranches in exposed localities have provided themselves with what are known as "cyclone cellars"—holes in the ground into which they hurriedly crawl upon the approach of any particularly forbidding storm. The people of northern Iowa in many instances have made similar provisions.

There are numerous theories as to the origin and cause of these frightfully destructive whirlwinds throughout the West and Northwest, but none of them appear to be scientifically satisfactory.

Most writers upon the subject embrace hurricanes, tornadoes, and cyclones under a single head, and seem to find considerable difficulty in pointing out the difference between them. The truth is that cyclones or tornadoes in this latitude are comparatively recent innovations, and have not yet been studied with the care and attention which they deserve. We have an abundance of literature concerning the simooms and monsoons of other latitudes, but it is doubtful if any portion of Africa or the Indian Ocean has ever been visited by any really worse or more destructively eccentric winds than those which from time to time make themselves known and felt right here in the United States. Although Iowa, Nebraska, and portions of Wisconsin, Illinois, and Indiana have claimed pre-eminence in the matter of cyclones by reason of the damage done in those sections of the country, the Rocky Mountains must ever be regarded as the home and the breeding-place of the genuine North American tornado. In this issue will be found a striking picture of a tornado in the Rockies. The scene is in the neighborhood of the La Veta Pass, in Colorado, and the artist has given a truthful illustration of what is in that section a by no means uncommon occurrence. Since, however, there is in these mountain tornadoes nothing worse than a ruthless disturbance of nature's scenic treasures by the wanton fingers of the wind, with seldom any attending loss of life or property, we hear but little of them. It is such a whirlwind as that in Ohio the other day that is calculated to set scientific men in search for the cause of the cyclone and the tornado.

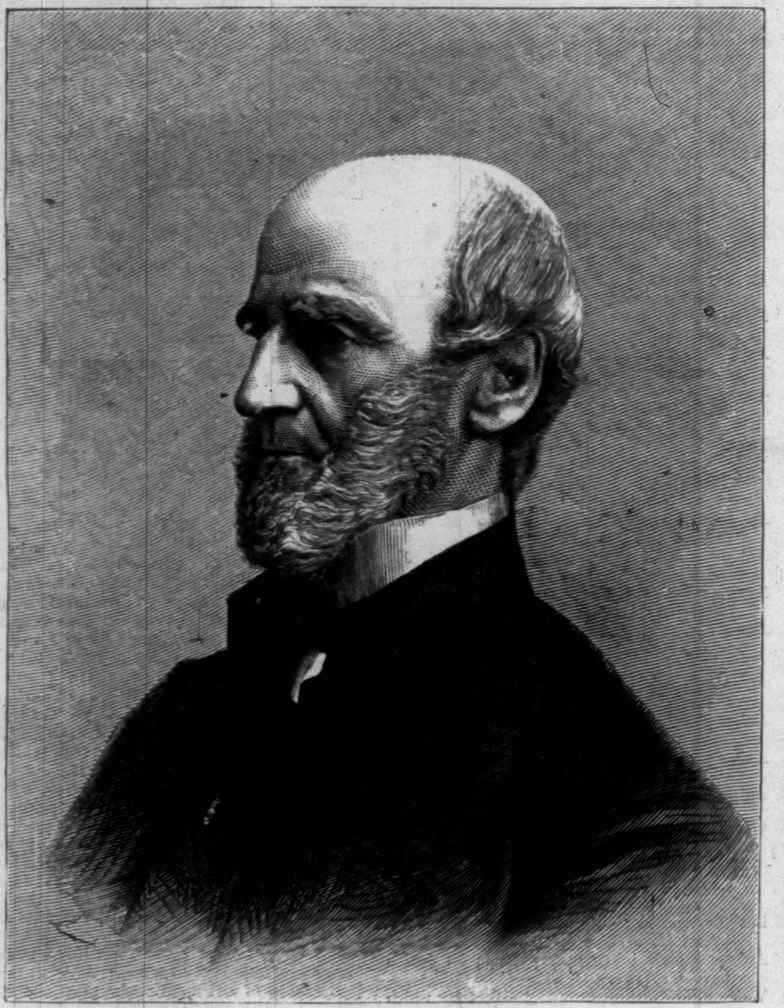
The town of Washington Court House was on Wednesday morning last a flourishing settlement in the midst of a rich agricultural district. Before bed-time it had practically ceased to exist. Just before sunset there had arisen in the north an inky cloud, which, suddenly bursting, let forth a torrent of rain, through which travelled a cone-shaped wind-cloud that swept up everything in its way. There were in the town four churches and a number of brick and stone buildings and business blocks. The character of the buildings generally was such as might anywhere be looked for in a prosperous town of four thousand inhabitants. One after another the church spires were twisted off and strewn in a million fragments in the streets below, brick stores fell like card-houses, and hundreds of dwellings were either unroofed or totally demolished. Even the new court-house, one of the strongest and most substantial buildings in Ohio, was damaged to the extent of more than a thousand dollars. In Music Hall the Salvation Army was holding a meeting. The hall was crowded with people. Its roof was twisted off from the four walls, and the ceiling fell upon the panic-stricken people. Many were injured, but (and this is of all the astonishing events of the storm the most surprising) no one was killed. Indeed, the loss of life in the town was miraculously small. While between three and four thousand persons were left homeless, the number of fatalities barely reached a half-dozen. The Odd-Fellows were holding a meeting in their hall when the tornado burst upon the town. The hall collapsed, and thirty members of the society were carried down with the falling building, and yet only one of the number was fatally injured.

DR. STEPHEN H. TYNG.

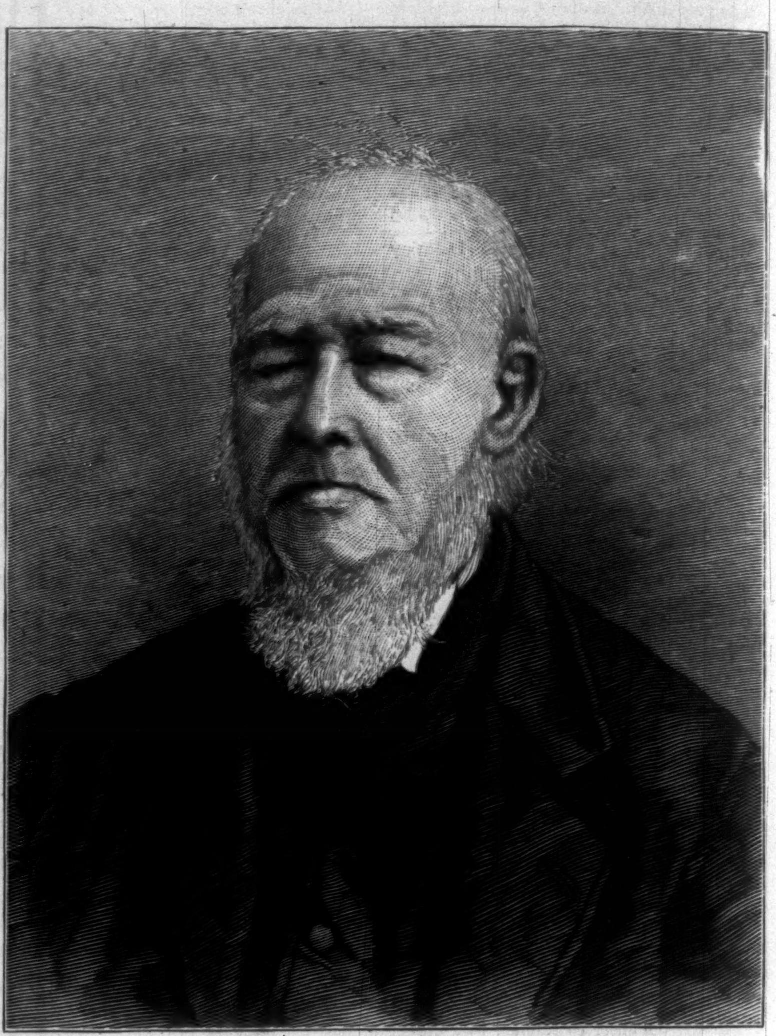
THE late Dr. STEPHEN H. TYNG, for many years rector of St. George's Church in this city, was one of the most commanding representatives of the American pulpit. In early life an aristocratic young Bostonian, his attention was drawn to the religious experiences of a humble colored woman who acted as laundress in his father's family. He followed her one day to her home, and listened to the reading from her lips of passages from the Bible, which so deeply impressed him that soon afterward he determined to study theology and become a preacher.

A more earnestly aggressive preacher never adorned the annals of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He hated sacerdotalism and Phariseeism, he hated slavery, he hated the liquor traffic, and against them all he was an apostle of reform. His sympathies were steadfast with the Evangelical party, and he believed in Sunday-schools, in revivals, in instantaneous conversion, and in the distinctive doctrines of the Calvinistic faith. It was not distasteful to him on occasion to use extemporaneous prayer in public, although the Prayer-book, as he understood it, was so dear to his heart that the Reformed Episcopalians failed in their attempt to bring him over. His native conservatism was strong, and he respected the methods of ancient days.

Dr. TYNG's fearlessness in the discharge of duty is illustrated in a story told by Assistant Bishop POTTER. Several years before ceasing to be the rector of St. George's Church, Dr. TYNG was much annoyed by the receipt of threatening letters from a scoundrel whose wife had become converted under Dr. TYNG's ministrations, and was a con-



THE LATE REV. DR. TYNG.



THE LATE MAJOR AARON STAFFORD.—[SEE PAGE 622.]

stant attendant upon his preaching. At a late hour one night his door-bell was loudly rung, and the Doctor himself answered the summons. A man who looked like a vagabond stood outside in the dark, and addressed the Doctor in these words: "I have written you several notices that if you didn't stop trying to draw my wife into your church, it would be the worse for you. I have followed you through the streets many nights to take your life, but I could not get up the resolution to do it. I had a curiosity to see what kind of a preacher you were, and I went into your church. I could not stay. I am here now to ask you to kneel down and pray for me."

During the Native American riots in Philadelphia a Catholic bishop was chased by the mob, and took refuge in Dr. TYNG's house. Standing before his own door, the Doctor shouted to the angry crowd who demanded the bishop's person, "Not one of you shall touch a hair of that good man's head unless you pass over my dead body." The mob withdrew. They felt, as did all who came into professional relations with him, the majesty of his resolute and self-sacrificing spirit. St. George's Church was the creation of Dr. TYNG's energy. The edifice was built and reconstructed during his rectorship, and it is his best monument.

"THE NEW LOCHINVAR."—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.—[SEE WILL CARLETON'S POEM ON PAGE 619.]

THAT LETTER.

Dear William,

Please call off Prince Bismarck, *or you will create another* Republic.

Yours, Alfonso.

MAJOR AARON STAFFORD.

The last commissioned officer of the American army of the war of 1812 died on September 6. He was Major Aaron Stafford, of Waterville, Oneida County, New York. Though he had entered on his ninety-ninth year, he retained as clear a recollection of the events of that war as the men whom we call veterans have of the war of 1861; and he talked about the campaigns against the British and Indians as the soldiers of our time tell of the campaign in Virginia. It happened once that Major Stafford owed his life to the Indians' habit of scalping. When General Winfield Scott's army crossed Niagara River he was in command of a detachment in the rear, which crossed under the fire of the enemy. He was wounded in the shoulder, but he kept his horse. Another wound in the thigh caused him to fall. His companions were so sure that he was dead that they risked their lives to rescue his body, only to prevent the Indians from taking the scalp of so brave a man. He and his command were taken prisoners, but he was exchanged as soon as he had sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey homeward. He received the thanks of General Scott, and was promoted to the rank of Major for his bravery. He was yet so ill, however, that he was obliged to go home.

This was the end of his military career. He became a soldier because he regarded it as his duty to volunteer when a call was made for troops. He was a prosperous young farmer, but he enlisted at once, organized a company of young men, and proceeded to Sackett's Harbor, where they joined the New York Militia. After his volunteer service was ended he was offered the position of Adjutant of the Sixteenth Regiment, New York Detached Militia. From that time till his military career closed he bore himself bravely. After the war he returned to his farm, and he spent the rest of his long life there.

Major Stafford was born in 1787 at Cheshire, Massachusetts, and he was descended from Thomas Stafford, who was one of the colonists that settled in 1638 at Portsmouth, Rhode Island. In 1801 his father removed to the wilderness that afterward became Oneida County, New York, and the town of Waterville was once the farm of the Staffords. Major Stafford himself had recently built a residence of his own when war was declared in 1812, and it was in this house that he lived the rest of his life. His children were born there, and there he died almost a centenarian. As civilization went westward, and the wilderness of his early days became a densely populated country, and a town arose on his own farm, he kept up with the world, and to the last of his active days was an uncommonly good farmer. The railroad and the telegraph changed the methods of living, the Mexican war and the civil war were fought and made their great changes on the nation, twenty-two Presidents had filled the great office, and he had voted for every Democratic candidate, from Madison to Cleveland. The population of less than 4,000,000 when he was born had become 60,000,000; there was little territory between the two oceans that could fairly be called a wilderness; and all the great events of this century that other men pore over books to read about were to him distinct recollections. He had enjoyed the esteem of three generations, and the friends of his old age and those of his youth (all the latter of whom died years ago) alike held him in high regard for the good qualities of his head and heart.

WOMEN IN INDIA.

An Anglo-Indian newspaper thus comments upon the published letter of a Hindoo woman: "She writes with a good deal of feminine emphasis, but she amply proves her case, that the rich and poor, the old and young, of her sex, suffer much misery and pain and degradation through the strict observance of social institutions invented by men for their own advantage. Every woman on the death of her husband, even of a child husband, is condemned to a life of perpetual widowhood. But a man may not only marry a second wife on the death of his first one, but can marry any number of wives at one and the same time. Even if he has only one wife, he continues to live in the bosom of his own family, and has never, under any circumstances, to submit to the tender mercies of a mother-in-law. In India all the boys and girls are betrothed indissolubly almost as soon as they are born. At the age of eight at latest a husband must be found for every girl. Girls are generally, perhaps, married at this age, and their parents are still at liberty to send them to school until they are ten years old. But after that the leave of the mother-in-law must be obtained. 'But even in these advanced times,' exclaims our correspondent, 'and even in Bombay—the chief centre of civilization—how many mothers-in-law are there who send their daughters to school after they are ten years old?' Thus the girls are taken away from school just when they are beginning to understand and appreciate education. Even girls belonging to the most advanced families are mothers before they are fourteen, and have thenceforth to devote themselves to the hard realities of life.

"The unfortunate Hindoo bride may neither sit nor speak in the presence of any elder member of her husband's family. She must work with the servants, rise early, and go to bed late, and be perpetually abused and frequently beaten by her mother-in-law. She must live in the most rigid seclusion. Her husband, who is entirely dependent on his family, can never take her side, and, fresh himself from college, is apt to despise her for her ignorance, and to tolerate her as a necessary evil. The children either die off like weakly seedlings or grow up without vigor. The women lose their beauty at twenty, are long past their prime at thirty, and old at forty. But a worse fate awaits them if, instead of being Hindoo wives, they become Hindoo widows. Of this wretched fate our correspondent fortunately knows nothing personally, and so can not write from experience. But there are 22,000,000 widows in India, many of whom lost their nominal husbands when they were children, and none of whom can ever marry again. For the rest of their lives they are deprived of ornaments and colored garments, their heads are shaved, they are condemned to the coarsest clothes and poorest food, and wear out their days in seclusion as the lowest drudges of the household."

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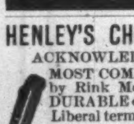

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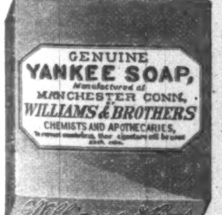

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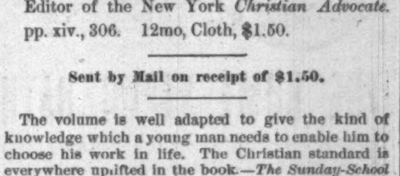

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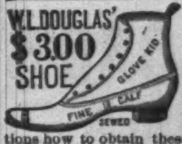

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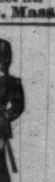

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